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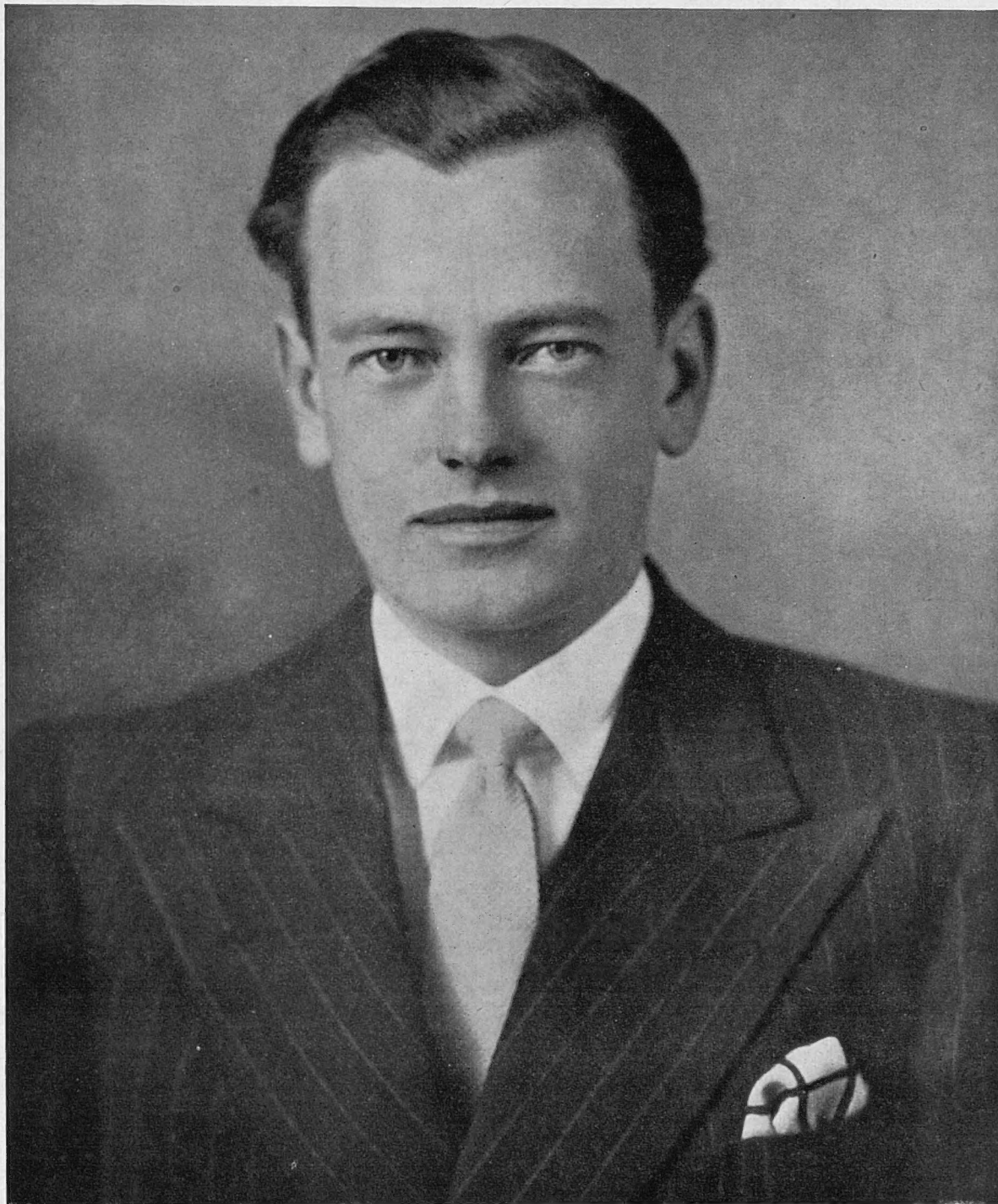


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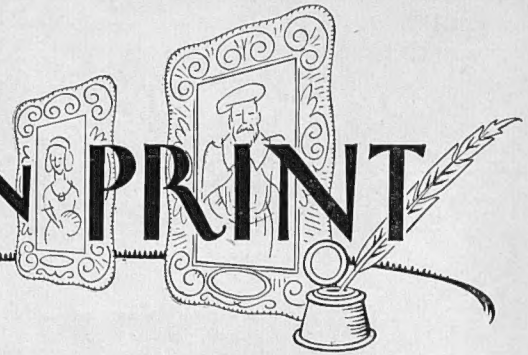
Hay Wrightson

THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN

Lt. the Marquess of Milford Haven, who succeeded his father in 1938 has, like most members of his family, had a Naval career. He was educated at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and during the war was awarded the O.B.E. and D.S.C. while serving on H.M.S. *Bramham*. Lord Milford Haven is a nephew of Viscount Mountbatten of Burma (who is his heir), and a cousin of Lt. Philip Mountbatten, to whom it is expected he will act as best man on Lt. Philip's marriage to Princess Elizabeth on November 20



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Sean Fielding

FOR some long time I have been intending to write about Mr. Hankinson; now the opportunity offers itself, so we may consider this gentleman and his job at leisure.

An may it please y'ludship, and members of the jury, but he is the editor of *Debrett*, a fact which will surprise those many who assume that a tome so heavy with the patina of time requires no editor but comes out of its own sweet accord. Editors, of course, are (once they are discovered) fair game—and properly so—for all who can read the printed word. Over the centuries they have been murdered, martyred, clapped into the stocks and cropped of their ears, assaulted, arraigned before every kind of court, legal and illegal, damned, insulted, vilified, made the target of mob fury, banished, hissed, Aunt-Salleyed and (almost without exception) punched upon the nose by infuriated burghers and citizens. They have also been cozened, fulsomely praised, flattered, fawned upon, soothed, petted, coaxed and unctuously taken by the coat sleeve. But to little avail.

All down the years they have continued to breed steadily and carefully, to accept with courage and humility the excessive cares of their high office, to shrink somewhat at the touch and to retain a slightly hunted look in the eye. They usually smoke overmuch, wear spectacles, prefer boots to shoes, dislike novels, have illegible signatures, write poor verse, mix more with medical men than those of their own craft and contemplate women with a deep and abiding fear.

Back to 1675

NATURALLY these are generalizations and are in no manner written as a guide to the appearance, tastes, or characteristics of Mr. Hankinson. They simply come to mind under the general heading of "Editors."

The nature of Mr. Hankinson's office is clear when it is borne in mind that the modern *Debrett* is the direct descendant of the seventeenth century *Dugdale's Baronage*. *Dugdale*, Garter-King-at-Arms after the Restoration, produced his great work in 1675-76. It was published by Abel Roper, whose establishment was situated at the "Black Boy," opposite St. Dunstan's in Fleet Street. Later Arthur Collins, in partnership with Roper issued the first of that series to be known for

close on a hundred years as *Collins' Peerage*. Some years before his death (*circa* 1770) he sold his publishing business to a Mr. Almon, who in 1781 sold it in turn to one of his partners, a John Field Debrett, son of a French emigrant who gave it his own name and edited and published it until his death in November, 1822. From that day the publication of *Debrett* has been continuous. At Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887, the editorship was taken over by Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, a member of a collateral branch of the family of Lord Hazle-rigg, who held the office until the Silver Jubilee of King George V in 1935, when he was succeeded by Cyril F. J. Hankinson, who had joined his staff in September, 1921.

Some Contrasts.

IN twenty-five years Hankinson has seen many changes; *Debrett* has moved with the times. In the Companionage are found an increasing number of men risen from the lowest social strata of society to be honoured

and rewarded by the King. The editor, turning the pages of his book, shows the opposite effect to that of elevation by pointing to ancient families whose younger collaterals have sunk; heads of noble families are now to be found occupying quite humble positions. Amongst these is Sir John William Frederick Fagge, 11th Bt., a farm labourer, who married the local squire's housemaid at Faversham, Kent, in 1940. And there is the case of the Wiseman Baronetcy, created in 1628. The present holder, tenth in succession, has no male issue. His heir, belonging to a younger branch, was a lance cor-

poral of the R.A.O.C. and is the son of a butcher. Other members live in the most humble of circumstances; mainly as dockyard labourers, music hall artists and publicans. Yet an ancestor of this family was Sheriff of Elgin in time of Edward I and another was knighted at the battle of the Spurs and purchased Canfield Hall in Essex. His descendants still live within twenty miles of the ancestral seat.

Hankinson, watching the changes taking place in this country, rightly says that they are reflected in the pages of *Debrett*. In his view the modern *Debrett* is the most democratic

publication of the year, for it is the synthesis of the aristocratic principle and the democratic, taking pride in ancient ancestry and noble deeds, keeping alive the fame of illustrious men and inscribing in its pages new names of men who may in their turn found great families, though themselves of lowly and humble parentage.

O, to be a Fireman

FOR how long does a schoolboy ambition remain with a man? It depends, I suppose, on the nature of the ambition and the man. Or does it? Your correspondent has harboured now for more than thirty years the liveliest hopes of one day becoming a fireman; not any ordinary sort of fireman, you understand, but one of some station and importance—a fire chief with perhaps a dozen or more engines and escapes under his command, one at least of which should be horse-drawn (for the edification of myself and all other like-minded small boys).

But for the unlucky accident of writing—at the age of eight—the shortest known thesis upon Jesus Christ ("Our Saviour was the first genuine Socialist"), and thus falling into the eager and retentive hands of a Left-wing-minded English master, I am convinced that I should have made my mark in the fire business and been today near the top of that bold profession.

These reflections are induced by a recent meeting, at Folkestone, with Woods, the Fire Officer at the Metropole. What a man he is! And how green is my envy of him.

Woods, who is over sixty, started his career as a fireman in the Folkestone Fire Brigade more than forty-four years ago, and rose to be Divisional Fire Officer. During the war when the coast from Folkestone to Dover was only too aptly called "Hell Fire Corner," he was in charge of the vital sector extending from St. Margaret's Bay, including Dover, Folkestone and Ashford, right over to Dungeness, with 2,100 firemen serving under him. He always thought the Metropole was just about the hottest place on Hell Fire Corner, and recalls one Sunday morning when thirty-nine doodle-bugs passed right over it in just over an hour. One of them missed the hotel's flagpole by ten feet. Nearby was an American battery. That morning the battery got thirty-eight out of the thirty-nine doodle-bugs, and the thirty-ninth fell in Watford, killing many people. "I never saw shooting like it in all my life," said Woods. "Most of the men in the battery were from Texas, and I always thought they were shooting a line about how good they were—until that morning."

He and his men saved dozens of British and German pilots from burning planes during the Battle of Britain. He remembers some local fishermen bringing a Polish pilot into Dover Harbour from the Channel where he had



Mr. Cyril F. J. Hankinson, who as editor of "*Debrett*" is a foremost authority on the remoter details of such matters as precedence, ceremonial and the lineage of ancient families

been shot down. The fisherman failed to recognize the pilot, who was swearing in Russian, Hungarian and Polish because they would not take him straight into Folkestone Harbour, but took him over to Dover, the focal point for German prisoners! Later in the day, that same pilot got back to Hawkinge Aerodrome nearby, and shot down three more German aircraft.

Magic Names

To perpetual small boys of the period when nursemaids were humming such sweet songs (meticulously jarred, as Flecker remarked) as "Yip-i-ady-i-ay" and "I don't suppose he'll do it again for months and months and months," there is still an irresistible magic about names like Farman, Grahame-White, Paulhan, Bleriot, Hamel, and Latham, those god-like men who made a Saturday of "Flying at Hendon" a bigger treat than the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition at Earl's Court. There were giants in those days; Peugeot was looping the loop, a Mr. Sopwith was experimenting with waterplanes, Mr. Roe had a triplane, Colonel Cody was lifting himself into the air with a contraption of bamboo and piano wire which proved him a fit companion for the other immortals.

At Perth Airport, which must be one of the most beautiful sites in Britain, Messrs. Airwork, who have taken it over, gave us recently one of those bitter-sweet thrills which are inexplicable to younger generations. Sitting elegantly on display among Tigers, Spitfires, Barracudas and Vikings on the aircraft park was a genuine Bleriot monoplane—full sister to the gallant craft which fluttered across the Channel on that historic July morning in 1909.

Not only that, but the exhibit was in perfect condition with new white fabric, new spars for her undercarriage, her little Anzani engine re-tuned and her splendid brass petrol tank gleaming in the sunlight. "Aerodynamic-

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

LAMENT: TO SARAH

Let solemn strains bemean the loss
Of Sarah, prematurely sped!
Talking of strains, she was a cross
Between, I think, Rhode Island Red
And White—or was it Black?—Leghorn;
Anyhow, mourn!

And, furthermore, deposit please
Hot coals of fire upon my head—
Or, failing coals, unrationed breeze—
Because I left the chicken-shed
Unshut that night. I just forgot.
The fox did not.

Sarah, one-sixth of all our flocks,
Sarah, five years our friend, is dead!
Five years—can that be why the fox,
After one mortal bite, just fled
And left her there? Was one enough?
Was she so tough?

Was Sarah tough? Of you, late hen,
Nil nisi bonum shall be said.
But as you cost me one pound ten
And as the family must be fed
We'll have to . . . well, of course, with tact—
As soup, in fact.

Justin Richardson

ally speaking," said one of our modern experts, "she is the best designed job in the whole show."

Her Triumph

SHE flew. Spluttering down the field, she finally skimmed six feet into the air to our delight, before the windless heat of the day—and that of the engine—defeated the gallant old lady. This is the very stuff of history. Yet how few of us could win money on a wager about that plump moustachioed little French engineer, Louis Bleriot? How much flying experience had he before setting off for Dover? The answer is—ten minutes.

Group Captain Wheeler, O.B.E. who piloted the Bleriot at Perth is also part of our history, but of a later vintage. For three and a half war years he was in charge of all experimental flying for the Air Ministry. He remains

a man of secrets, a man whose story, when it can be told, should make a fortune for him and his publisher.

As a corrective to this draught of heady nostalgia, it is proper to record that Lt. R. Lubbock, R.N., flying a Seafire XVII gave a display of aerobatics which kept the assembled crowds hatless and on their toes. To the amateur, it seemed merely a succession of spectacular miracles, but to the professionals his skill was a matter for awe. "Most perfect example of control I've ever seen," said a good friend, as Lubbock corkscrewed over the 'drome without losing his direction by a hairsbreadth. "If there was enough paper in this world to write a proper piece he should have a column of mine heralding him as our new aerobatic ace." Be that as it may I present this paragraph to him, with a respectful touch of the cap.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

ACROSS the vast plains of the empire of Mexico, abundantly rich in cattle and gold, silver and petrol, surplus meat may be sent to Great Britain, if negotiations proceeding between the two countries prove successful.

Mexico has much more than 10,000,000 head of cattle, about 4,000,000 sheep, nearly 7,000,000 goats and just under 4,000,000 pigs. Her importance in a starving world is obvious. And, her reserves were recently estimated at 870,000,000 barrels of oil, the world's liquid gold.

In her bitter recorded history Mexico has known invasion from Toltecs, Aztecs, and after the sixteenth century from Spain, France, Austria and the United States. Today the 21,000,000 inhabitants of a state eight times the area of the British Isles, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, are confident of their future. Moreover, relations with Great Britain are gradually improving, though not so long ago they were seriously strained.

IN 1938 the Mexicans expropriated the possessions of the leading foreign oil concerns. The British diplomatic mission was recalled, and Mexico withdrew the staff of the Legation at St. James's. The friendly Cubans looked after the archives of the Mexican Mission in London, till 1941. Then we recognized one another again, and the diplomatists returned to the capitals.

It was not till 1942 that an agreement was signed with America about indemnities, and 1946 that one was reached about the valuation of British property.

Today the sky is clearer. In the ultra-modern style study in Belgrave Square, residence of the Ambassador of Mexico at the Court of St. James's, His Excellency Senor Dr. Don Federico Jimenez O'Farrill, dispatches are composed and coded that may mean meat for the British housewife at weekends and, much else besides. Splendid light-grey steel furniture fills the

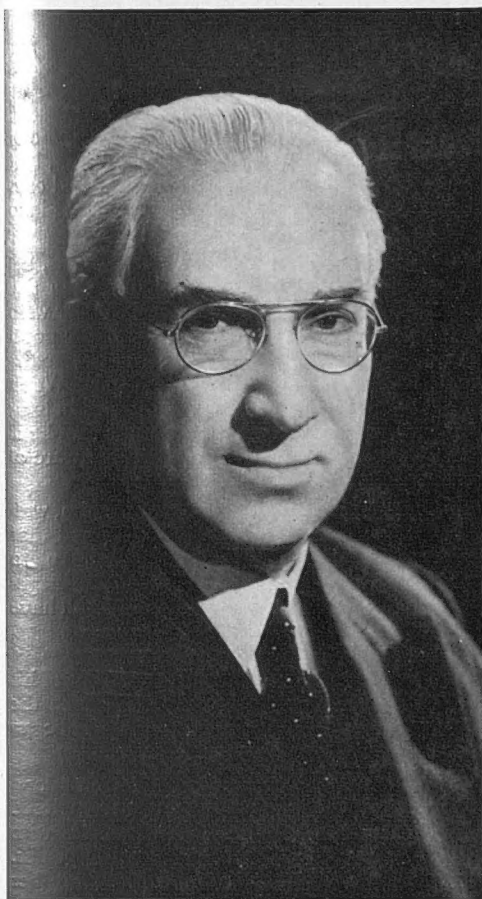
offices also of the chancery, and is a tribute to modern Mexican designers and manufacturers.

Slow-spoken, a banker of repute, the ambassador is anxious that Mexicans who visit Great Britain in increasing numbers, in the hope of making important purchases, should not return to the distant republic as they do now, without booking a single order. They want British goods but cannot wait two or three years for delivery.

AFTER leaving school in Puebla, O'Farrill studied law in the University of Mexico, and joined the revolutionary armies for three years, rising from sergeant to major. In 1917 he went to the Protocol (ceremonial) department of the Foreign Office, and shortly afterwards was involved in high international drama. As First Secretary of the Mexican Legation in the land of earthquakes, Guatemala, he decided, either because of his youth or despite it, to offer asylum to members of the government planning the overthrow of the dictatorship. The residence was safe, according to international usage, from invasion. Outside the battle went on nine days. The ambassador-to-be was in hourly peril, but courage won, as it generally does.

O'Farrill served for eight years as private secretary to the Minister of Finance, for eight more years on the boards of important companies. Then he represented Mexico on U.N.O. in London.

Ships are scarce, and this holds up Anglo-Mexican trade. But studying the excellent changes he has made in the embassy already, the envoy smiles, sure that the friendship between the two countries is about to witness a triumphant era.



Bassano

H.E. Senor Dr. F. Jimenez O'Farrill,
Mexican Ambassador at the Court of
St. James's

George Bilainkin

~~~~~ Show Guide ~~~~~

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). From the Somerset Maugham short story. Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Richard Bird, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

The Linden Tree (Duchess). The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley and brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Lewis Casson, and their supporting cast.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

Trespass (Globe). Emlyn Williams's new play is a dramatic adventure into the supernatural with the author and Françoise Rosay.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

Edward, My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Played by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

Peace In Our Time (Lyric). Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

The Shelley Story (Mercury). Jack Watling is good as a live and even useful Shelley, and John Bailey is sardonic as Byron.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but wise in understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

Dr. Angelus (Phoenix). By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose macabre actions are covered by an irascible wit.

The Voice of the Turtle (Piccadilly). Margaret Sullivan and Wendell Corey in John van Druten's slick comedy.

Noose (Saville). A covey of corner-boys, reformed and grown up into seasoned warriors, take a running jump at the Black Market.

Separate Rooms (Strand). Frances Day in a new American comedy with Hal Thompson and Bonar Colleano.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

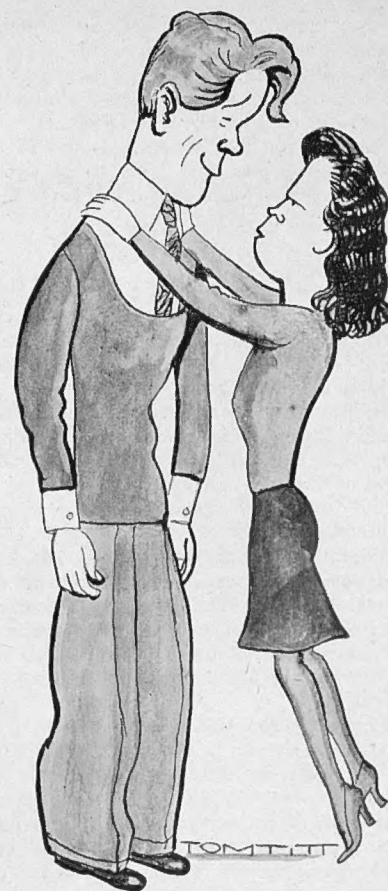
Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

1066 And All That (Palace). Leslie Henson, Doris Hare and Edwin Styles gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

The Nightingale (Princes). Musical romance by Sax Rohmer and Kennedy Russell, with Mimi Benzell from U.S.A. and John Westbrook.



Bobby-soxers. Myra Hapgood (Margaret Barton), a young woman with ideas of her own, and her somewhat bewildered boy friend, George Harris (Peter Hammond)



Mother and Son. Mrs. Hapgood (Madoline Thomas) is not amused by the somewhat brash and grating humour of her younger son Ted (Aubrey Morris)

Anthony Cookman

and Tom Titt

At the

MR. DEARSLEY's comedy of suburban family life is for those of us who go to the theatre, not to ask awkward questions, but to be innocently beguiled into a good laugh or a good cry. At the St. James's we shall enjoy both, and much good acting into the bargain.

The whole thing hinges comfortably on Mr. J. H. Roberts, an actor whose performances always strike me as being, within the limits of temperament, flawless. As Hapgood, the city cashier who has brought up a big family on slender means with all the good grace in the world, he is ideally suited. All his touches of characterization are gentle, spontaneous and unobtrusively precise. When he tries to help his small girl with her geometry, or engages in long patient bouts of tinkering with a chiming clock we know that he is enjoying himself and we know also that he is whimsically aware of his own incompetence.

We do not wonder that his children unaffectedly adore him, well knowing that they need not demonstrate their affection and that he will never presume upon it. It is proverbially easier to rule a kingdom than a family, but easy-going Mr. Hapgood manages remarkably well. He is indeed the kind of father we should all have wished our fathers to be.

WE may wonder how he has managed to pay all the bills out of his modest salary, but that is the kind of speculation which the play smilingly ignores. When he was a clerk and the babies began to come he was no doubt fortunate in his wife.

She was a woman of maternal genius. Her the children adore, but not quite unaffectedly. As they know, she expects to be adored by them, and they play up gallantly. But all the troubles with which this comedy is concerned spring from her maternal genius. It is the defect of her qualities that she persists in treating her fledglings as birds in the nest.

Arthur is the first to fly away. He gets a good civilian job in Nigeria, and the mother, who has seemingly never heard of wars or conscription, makes extremely heavy weather of the



Young Lovers. Phyllis Hapgood (Christine Russell) and her flighty swain John Neilson (John Arnatt) in a sentimental encounter

Backstage

THOUGH Noel Coward's *Point Valaine*, which was first performed by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in New York in 1938, was produced by the Liverpool Old Vic company in 1944. Coward has hitherto been adamant against its performance in London.

He gave way, however, after strong pleas from Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hawtrey, and so *Point Valaine*, which one New York critic described as "an ugly, brutal play of tremendous fascination," will have its first London performance at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, on September 3, when, as in Liverpool, Mary Ellis will be seen in the leading part and Peter Glenville will produce.

One of the characters in the play, which is set in a small island in the West Indies, is Somerset Maugham, to whom the printed edition is dedicated.

ROLAND PERTWEE wrote such an excellent play in *Pink String* and *Sealing Wax* that its successor, *School for Spinsters*, which also has a "period" setting and is founded, I understand, on family events, is something to look forward to.

It will be seen at the Criterion during the week beginning September 7 and the cast will include Sheila Sim, Iris Hoey, Julien Mitchell, Derek Blomfield and Jasmine Dee. Set in the beginning of the century it is the story of a selfish, possessive father who causes great unhappiness in the family. William Armstrong is the producer.

BEFORE he became a successful dramatist and began to make a respectable fortune out of *Worm's Eye View*, R. F. Delderfield was a journalist who owned and edited a small local weekly newspaper. Now he has put some of his experiences to good account by writing a topical comedy about them. It is entitled *All Over the Town* and Derrick de Marney is to produce it.

It is not surprising that *Edward, My Son* at His Majesty's is being hotly competed for by film folk. At present the authors, Robert Morley and Noel Langley, are considering offers from two Hollywood companies and another from a major British studio.

SEVERAL film producers are among the French visitors who have been to see Betty Stockfield in *The Girl Who Couldn't Quite* at the St. Martin's. In France she is probably the most popular of all bi-lingual stars. Rearrangement of her French film plans enabled her to return to the West End for the first time since *How Are They at Home?* in 1944. During her wartime munition work in England she kept in touch with France through her B.B.C. European broadcasts.

WHEN Georges Guétary was recently absent from a few performances of *Bless the Bride* at the Adelphi, his role was played by a young English actor whose success fully justified the confidence of C. B. Cochran who picked him because he was able to sing in French.

He is Edmund Goffron who, after service with E.N.S.A., had modest parts in *A Night in Venice* and *The Red Mill* on tour before C. B. chose him as Guétary's understudy.

IT is encouraging to hear that Richard Ainley who has not acted here since he entered Hollywood films before the war, has made such a promising recovery that he is to play the leading role in the Edinburgh Festival production of *Everyman* from September 1-13.

This handsome son of Henry Ainley joined the U.S. Army in 1942 and while serving as a captain was badly injured in a mine explosion. His last appearance in England was in Priestley's *Johnson Over Jordan* early in 1939.

FOUR new productions are in preparation for the Sadler's Wells opera season which opens on September 13. Dennis Arundell will bring new ideas to Gounod's *Faust*, and there will be productions of Johann Strauss's *Fledermaus* and Verdi's *Trovatore*; also a new opera, *Lady Rohesia* by the young English composer, Anthony Hopkins.

Beaumont Kent.

Theatre

"Fly Away Peter" (St. James's)

imending voyage to the back of beyond. And things are made worse because the boy, something of a hobbledehoy to all appearances, has only got the job through a rich young philanderer's interest in his sister. The sister at once falls beautifully in love with the philanderer, so beautifully that his finer feelings are touched, and in an admirably written scene he confesses that the path of seduction had led him into the path of true love.

The luck of the Hapgoods, we say; but the mother believes in no such superstitious nonsense. The girl must choose between her mother and her lover; and so off she goes to Oslo, and Mr. Roberts—gently and with absolute precision—brings down the emotional curtain on the dumb grief of a father who cannot in honour take sides with a beloved daughter against his wife.

WITH Phyllis gone, and Arthur in Nigeria, we might all be a little lonely if it were not for the sentimental farce supplied by Myra. She is a young lady with one foot in the schoolroom and the other on the neck of the devoted but inarticulate young man next door. Miss Margaret Barton brings to this crisis of the story a spark of genuinely youthful high spirits and lets it kindle a fire of honest adolescent love.

Mr. Peter Hammond also rises to the opportunity, slowly emerging from his clownish gaucherie to sound a few notes of authentic sentiment, and together these young actors carry the comedy safely along until it is resumed by their seniors, and mother is deftly and swiftly reconciled to the idea that children sooner or later must leave their home, however happy it may have been, and make homes of their own. Maternal genius may still find scope in grandmotherly duties. All very platitudinous no doubt, but with enough emotional and comic power to renew its life.

Miss Madoline Thomas strikes a nice balance between the mother's qualities and defects, so that her point of view is never in doubt, and Miss Christine Russell and Mr. John Arnatt attractively present the lovers, who are perhaps nearer to real life than any of the other characters.



Father and Son. Arthur Hapgood (Michael Atkinson) contemplating an overseas jaunt has a man-to-man talk about things with his father (J. H. Roberts)

Freda Bruce Lockhart



Dermot Walsh, the Irish actor, who plays opposite Margaret Lockwood in the film "Jassy"

At The Pictures

A Time for Revival

CIRCUMSTANCES combine this week to stimulate interest in the revivals we may expect, as at least a temporary stopgap, until the film magnates find a formula to avert the threatened film famine from British cinemas.

Benevolence towards revivals seems, in the first place, a natural reaction to the week's new films—British and French as well as American. In the

very week when the stoppage of new American pictures became actual—and not wholly unwelcome, our growing tendency to complacency about British films was brought up with a jolt by *Jassy*, at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Here are all the wilder extravagances from the costume romances of our schooldays—assembled in 102 minutes of expensive Technicolor starring Miss Margaret Lockwood.

IN *Jassy* the star is very much the thing. The fact, which I should not dream of disputing, that Miss Lockwood is the most popular British film star convicts me of the critical crime of being out of touch with the millions. But Miss Lockwood's place in the modern British cinema seems to correspond only to that of the serial queens of old, as lately amusingly illustrated in *The Perils of Pauline*. With the same aplomb as Miss Pearl White, Miss Lockwood braves any costume, any character, any period, and goes through any vicissitude fiction can devise, to emerge unruffled, unscathed, the never-changing English Miss of a semi-detached villa sometime in the 1930s.

"Jassy" is a gipsy's daughter, who has inherited a smattering of second sight. The effect of this bad blood is that at intervals Miss Lockwood shrieks politely and announces the death of somebody several miles away. With some justification, the villagers suspect Jassy of being a witch and try to duck her in the pond. Barney Hatton, a convenient cavalier, saves the picture from turning into a witch-hunt by offering Miss Lockwood a lift on the back of his horse which she accepts with promptitude and no panic. Barney (Dermot Walsh) has only a small farm to take her to, since his father gambled away their stately Jacobean mansion to the heavy-drinking Nick Helmar (Basil Sydney).

BUT *Jassy* is as much at home as Miss Lockwood in all milieus. With equal poise and classless elocution, she can pass for a kitchen-maid, first in the Hatton home, later in the finishing school (where, in a delicious dormitory of four-posters all in a ring, gipsy Lockwood reads the pupils' palms), and for the school friend of Helmar's daughter Dilys, an over-developed pupil played by Miss Patricia Roc.

Nobody seems to question the acceptance of so notorious a local character as Jassy, first as Dilys Helmar's friend, then as Squire Helmar's

housekeeper, chess-partner and finally wife (in law alone). By the time we reach the trial scene to crown all trial scenes, Jassy's second sight is so far forgotten by the whole neighbourhood that her inexplicable knowledge of her husband's death is accepted as evidence of her guilt. Only the dumb, devoted half-wit (Esme Cannon) remembers and, in a tastelessly painful scene, recovers her speech to clear Jassy by confessing that it was she who administered RAT-BANE (labelled as large as pantomime POISON) instead of brandy to Jassy's husband.

Perhaps Helmar's gross taste in architecture, carefully planted early in the film, was intended to excuse the relish with which this brandy-toper drinks down half a tumbler of rat-bane, and then pours himself another. Nothing could excuse the sacrifice of so many good actors to another chapter in the Lockwood legend, which reduces all their expert efforts to create character and period atmosphere to a studio never-never land without sense of time or place.

THE poison administered by Mr. Carroll (Humphrey Bogart) to *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* at the Warner Theatre, is less crudely labelled than the rat-bane, but hardly contains the element of surprise. We have seen Mr. Bogart too often in gangster parts to be long deceived, especially when most of his moves are accompanied by a burst of Demon King background music. His insistence on taking in the first Mrs. Carroll's milk himself puts us on the alert from the start. Only at the very end does he succeed in achieving interest and near pathos for the character of the mad artist who believes that each woman he marries has fulfilled her life when he completes her portrait.

Director Peter Godfrey ought to know that it is as dangerous to let an artist-hero's pictures be seen as to let a composer-hero's music be heard. He might also have saved Mr. Bogart's last scene from degenerating into bathos worthy of *Jassy* with his final offer of a drink to the police—"perhaps a glass of milk?" Apart from such lapses, Mr. Godfrey has made a tolerably smooth American screen version of a London stage melodrama. But it is all thoroughly artificial and even Miss Barbara Stanwyck's highly intelligent performance cannot give the second Mrs. Carroll much more life than a stage puppet.

AT the Curzon, *Douce* offers some beautiful acting by Mademoiselle Odette Joyeux as a romantic ingenue and by Madame Marguerite Moreno as her grandmother. Madame Moreno gives a remarkable study of an ancient aristocrat, presenting to her family, her servants, and the poor whom she conscientiously visits, a rocklike fortress which crumbles like eggshell at the loss of her granddaughter, leaving a broken-hearted, fallible old woman. But the emotional quadrille between crippled father, daughter, governess and steward is altogether too ponderous and confused. Unusually for a French film, it is even confusing.

BY contrast with new films as old-fashioned, in their different styles, as these three, the prospect of revivals is positively tempting. More direct, if mild, encouragement may be given by *Journey to*

Adventure, the second feature at the Warner Theatre, which is neither quite new, nor quite a revival. This artless anthology of excerpts from Cherry Kearton's pioneer pictures of animal life in distant lands has the natural appeal of a simpler era, and its charm is a welcome relief from present horrors.

A further nostalgic stimulus is provided by the arrival in this country of Miss Greta Garbo, reminding us that six years have passed since the last Garbo film. Whatever one's theories about film acting or one's personal preferences among stars, it can scarcely be denied that Garbo and Chaplin are the two greatest individual performers the cinema has produced.

THE forthcoming tax-free revivals might well begin with a festival of post-talkie Garbo pictures. Only *Mata Hari* and *Two-Faced Woman* need be omitted, as the two whose vulgarity and silliness even Garbo's magic could not transmute. But not to be excluded on any account would be her first talkie *Anna Christie* (in which the "voice the world was waiting to hear" uttered the famous line "Gimme a whisky—ginger ale on de side"), the Pirandello *As You Desire Me*, and Garbo's first comedy, *Ninotchka*, which would be so topical today.

Most people have their own lists of pictures they want to see again: not only the museum pieces, which are periodically dug out and shown to connoisseurs, but prewar favourites from Hollywood's golden age. I have been surprised by the number of musicals in my own first selection: Lubitsch's Chevalier-Macdonald satires, *The Merry Widow* and *The Smiling Lieutenant*; Mamoulian's even more imaginative *Love Me Tonight*, with the same principals and the enchanting slow-motion deer-hunt; *One Night of Love*, the first and last successful opera film; *Top Hat*, cream of the Astaire-Rogers partnership; *42nd Street*, model for a score of inferior backstage stories. All these had a wit and gaiety lost to modern musicals.

THEN there were the high comedies like *The Royal Family of Broadway* and *Holiday* with such fine actresses as Ina Claire and Ann Harding; the superbly cast *Ruggles of Red Gap* in which Charles Laughton gave his best film performance; *Blonde Bombshell* with the late Jean Harlow and Robert Williams; culminating in the crazy comedies, such as *My Man Godfrey* and *Nothing Sacred* in which the late Carole Lombard shone. On the more serious side, William Wyler's *These Three* would surely survive, or the robust *Come and Get It* (which Wyler only completed) or *Jezebel*, outstanding among Hollywood costume films for its sense of style as well as for Bette Davis's best performance; *Zoo in Budapest*, that unexpectedly lyrical tale with a wildly exciting climax; John Ford's *Stagecoach*, most superb of all Westerns; *Green Pastures*, the enchanting film of Marc Connelly's Negro fantasy; and Fritz Lang's epic of mob-justice, *Fury*. The list could be many times multiplied. But here for a start, is a selection of American films from the 1930s, which could rehabilitate the reputation of the American cinema and inject into our possibly starving cinemas of 1948 forgotten Hollywood qualities of wit, sophistication, style and craftsmanship.

MARTYN GREEN

Martyn Green in one of his famous Gilbert and Sullivan roles—the Duke of Plaza Toro in *The Gondoliers*. He is a Londoner and after study at the Royal College of Music joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1922. Since then he has played with great distinction all the principal roles in the operas, succeeding the late Sir Henry Lytton when he retired in 1934. It was in that year that he first played the Duke of Plaza Toro, during the New York season of the company. In 1940 he joined the R.A.F., coming out with the rank of squadron leader in time to join the company in their recent very successful season at Sadler's Wells which has just ended. After their summer vacation the company are going on an important tour of Scotland and the North, and at the end of the year sail for an extended season in New York.



F. J. Goodman



In holiday mood, and against a lovely setting rather like a stage back-drop, are S. J. Cox, the Hon. Sally Ann Vivian, only daughter of Lord Vivian, Judy Corbett, Sally Lock and A. S. Budd

TO WIMBLEDON VIA THE NEW FOREST

The eighteenth annual Junior Open Lawn Tennis Tournament, including the junior championships of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, was held again this year at the New Forest Club at Brockenhurst, one of the beauty spots of Hampshire, lying on the edge of the Forest, between Southampton and Bournemouth.

The fifteen grass courts were in beautiful condition, and among the hundred-odd entries for the event (there were as many as 300 before the war) there were many youngsters who showed great form and a promise of achievement in the world of lawn tennis that may take them some day to the championships at Wimbledon



Mrs. B. C. Branfoot, Mrs. Philip Dorte, Mrs. Noel Sutton, and Mr. Seymour Smith watching the play



Capt. Cecil Sutton, M.B.E., with Glenda Curtis, who was a competitor, and her sister, Alison Curtis



Jean Graham-Brown, Joan Mercer, Anne Strachan and Maureen Stewart walking to the courts



Margaret MacEwan prepares a devastating smash for a lob



The Hon. Sally Ann Vivian awaits her turn to play



Mrs. Noel Sutton, wife of the secretary, on the "bridge," calling competitors to their respective courts



Malcolm Earl demonstrates the catherine-wheel style as he puts every ounce into a return



Virginia Collinge with Mr. G. R. Mellor, Mrs. J. H. C. Griffiths and Mr. D. L. Griffiths



Cadets Peter and Christopher Scholfield, R.N., with Anne Strachan and Mrs. D. Storey



Miss M. L. Nicholson, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Nicholson, Patricia Thomas and Jill Myers-Browne



Tasker, Press Illustrations
Maj.-Gen. F. L. Nicholson watching the game with June Sarson from a nearby bank



Leddy and Glen

Major-General A. P. D. Telfer-Smollett's shooting party leaving the Cameron Moors, Loch Lomond, for lunch, carrying some of their bag of grouse and hares. The party consists of Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett, Miss Diana Nelson from the Argentine, Capt. Michael Telfer-Smollett, Lady Anne Lumley, daughter of the Countess of Scarbrough, Col. and Mrs. Ross-Skinner, Major-General Telfer-Smollett and Master Ross-Skinner

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

IN Buckingham Palace, as in every household throughout the country, the economic crisis has had, and will continue to have, its effect. Before Their Majesties left London for their annual holiday at Balmoral, the King held a final meeting of the Privy Council, at which, in addition to the ordinary routine affairs which are wound up at this time of year, additional Orders were put before him by Ministers as part of the Government's plan to deal with the emergency. With both Houses of Parliament warned to stand by in case circumstances demand their recall, the King intimated to the Prime Minister before he left town that he would be prepared to travel south at a moment's notice—as he has done several times before—if his presence in London is deemed necessary.

In any case, I understand the Court will leave Balmoral for a few days in the later part of this month to enable the Queen and Princess Elizabeth to attend to various matters connected with the

Royal Wedding, such as the final approval of the dress, details of processions, choice of bridesmaids, and so on, while the King, if he comes south as well, will be concerned with such wider questions as that of how far austerity restrictions may be relaxed for this immensely important Empire occasion. More than one rehearsal of the wedding is planned at the Abbey, though the principals will not be called on to take part in these until much nearer the actual date.



The Duchess of Northumberland, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, watching the guns on Durisdeer moor

QUEEN MARY, who, as usual, is spending the late summer weeks at Sandringham, is taking a personal interest in every detail of the wedding preparations, and has been in close consultation with the Abbey authorities about the precedents of former Royal marriage ceremonies.

Princess Elizabeth herself had a more than usually busy time in the last few days before the journey to Balmoral. After spending a tiring morning at the Palace

with Lieut. Mountbatten posing for various "family group" photographs, destined for publication throughout the Empire, she made an all-night journey to Wales to visit the Royal Welsh Agricultural Society's Show at Carmarthen, where she received that particularly warm-hearted greeting which the Welsh reserve for the heiress to the Throne, who, though she may not be the Princess of Wales, is none the less cherished in the Principality as "Ein Tywysoges"—"Our own Princess." Back from Wales, she paid a short visit to Canterbury, where she lunched with the Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher before presiding at a session of the Church of England Youth Council.

Present plans are for the Court to return to London fairly early in October, in ample time for the State opening of Parliament by the King on October 21st, at which he will be accompanied by the Queen and by Princess Elizabeth. Next day, there will be another Royal progress to Westminster, for the unveiling by His Majesty of the statue of the late King George V. in Abingdon Street.

As I said last week, the social side of Dublin Horse Show week is tremendous. Everyone for miles around has house parties for the Show and this year there was as much entertaining as in pre-war years. There were two or three cocktail parties every evening, followed by hunt balls and private dances, the best of

these latter this year being undoubtedly the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket's dance at Luttrellstown Castle for her débutante daughter, Neelia, and about which everyone you met during the week was saying "what a wonderful party."

This was on the Tuesday night and clashed with the Galway Blazers Hunt Ball in Dublin that night. I, unlike many guests, did not attempt to fit in both, especially as we were going to the Meath Hunt Ball on the Thursday, and the Louth Hunt Ball the following night, both in the same ballroom at the Gresham. I was interested, as we drove through Phoenix Park on our way to Luttrellstown, to see the mountainous stacks of peat piled all along the side of the road, which I was told was the winter supply of fuel for Dublin. Peat is apparently rationed in Eire as coal is here. Other than fuel shortage, the Emerald Isle certainly appeared to be the land of plenty, and in spite of some things being rationed, the shops were full, and every meal, whether in a restaurant or private house, was up to pre-war standard in both quantity and quality.

On arrival at Luttrellstown we were received by our hostess, looking lovely and incredibly young to be the mother of a débutante daughter. She was wearing an exquisite grey faille picture dress and lovely diamonds. The heroine of the evening, Neelia, looked very pretty in a printed taffeta dress, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying her party. Her younger sister, Doone, who is still only a schoolgirl and wore a simple dress of palest blue, is very blonde, like her mother, and has inherited her quiet charm. Mrs. Plunket's eldest sister, Lady Dufferin and Ava, came over from Mandebouye with a party, and was wearing a blue dress with scarlet roses.

GUESTS danced in the magnificent ballroom, which has recently been redecorated (the house had been occupied by the Italian Embassy for some years). There was a second dance floor laid out in the garden surrounded by little fairy lights, where another band played Viennese waltzes and soft, pleasant dance tunes. It was an enchanting scene to stand on the balcony outside the schoolroom on this warm moonlit summer evening (luckily the weather had cleared up for the occasion), and to watch the couples gliding round this wonderful setting with the battlements of the castle picked out by spotlighting (cleverly arranged, I believe, an electrical expert in the house party), and to see other guests in their evening clothes and gay uniforms silhouetted on the wide stone steps which lead down to the garden, watching the scene, while another, with a magnificent voice, suddenly began to sing, accompanying the band in perfect Italian.

THERE was a delicious buffet in the dining room, which was lit entirely by candles, giving a soft and mellow light. Among the hundreds of guests at this good party, which went on until after five a.m., were members of the visiting military jumping teams, all very smart in their uniforms. They had come on from a dinner given in their honour by the Chief of Staff and officers of the Army Headquarters staff at McKee Barracks in Dublin. I noticed tall, blonde and good-looking Lieut. Holtberg, a youthful member of the Swedish team, dancing, and also his fellow-countryman, Lieut. Roenhagen. H.M. the Queen's niece, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, looked attractive in blue when I saw her enjoying a joke with Mr. Humphrey Humphries, who has just got his degree at Oxford after serving in the Air Force during the war, and is now going to settle down in business. Lady Goulding, looking very attractive in white, was there with her husband, Sir Basil Goulding, who knows Luttrellstown well, as his grandfather lived there some years ago. He showed me the room which, as children, they always called haunted.

Dorothy Countess Beatty, looking quite lovely in a voluminous black tulle dress with a wonderful aquamarine necklace and earrings to match, was dancing with Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall. Leola Duchess of Westminster, in emerald-green brocade, was talking to Mr. Noel Busche, the brilliant American journalist. Major Andrew Knowles was there with his pretty wife, and Mrs. Kavanagh was another looking lovely. She was accompanied by her husband, who used to be in the Life Guards, and they gave a cocktail party at their home just outside Dublin after Leopardstown Races at the end of the week. Miss Sharman Douglas was dancing with Mr. Ambrose Congreve, and Capt. Emmet and his very attractive wife I saw chatting to the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, who was in great form. Mrs. Luke Lillingstone, very good-looking in white, was partnering Sir Thomas Ainsworth. Lord Crofton, who was dancing with Miss Anne Tighe, came on from the Galway Blazers Hunt Ball with his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tighe. Major Dennis Daly had also been at the Hunt Ball. He was the only man I saw at Luttrellstown in a pink coat.

OTHERS enjoying this excellent party were the Hon. Caroline Thynne, the Hon. Caroline Cust, Miss Mary Emmet, the Hon. Brigid Westenra, Major and Mrs. Francis Boylan, Mrs. Carleton Paget, who was staying with her parents, Major and Mrs. Guy Paget, who have gone to live in Eire, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Davis, who live at that lovely house, Charleville, near Dublin, where they gave a small dance during the week, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot MacGillycuddy, Mr. George Bergen, from New York, Lady Maureen Brabazon, Miss Susan Armstrong-Jones, Earl and Countess

I mentioned at Luttrellstown were at one or both of the hunt balls, and others I saw were Mrs. Connel, Master of the Meath, Major and Mrs. Noel Furlong, Lord Daresbury, Master of the Limerick, and his son Edward, who was dancing with Lady Helena Hilton-Green, Brig. and Mrs. Edward Boylan and their daughter Ann, who rode the second in the novice hack class, Major and Mrs. Francis Boylan with their daughter Magda, their son Ebbie, Miss Jane Whitelaw, who was staying with them for Horse Show week, and Mr. Bill Scott, who used to be Master of the North Cotswold.

Mrs. James Hanbury, who is joint-Master of the Galway Blazers with Major Bowes Daly, was at the Louth Hunt Ball with her husband, who is now Master of the Belvoir. It must surely be a record for a husband and wife to be masters of a pack of hounds in England and Ireland simultaneously.

Others I saw were the Earl of Fingall, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Col. and Mrs. Hume-Dudgeon, Mrs. Jack Hirsch, Lady Joan and Lady Doreen Hope, whom I had also seen at Luttrellstown, Viscount and Viscountess Bury, Capt. Peter Starkey dancing with Miss Pam Roche, Miss Margaret Ewart dancing with Mr. Jim Emmet, Mr. Richard Corballis, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Hodson, and Mrs. Shirley with her husband, Col. Shirley, who is one of the most successful Irish owners.

HOLIDAY plans have been varied this year. Currency difficulties have prevented many people going down to the ever-popular South of France, but from a friend who has been out there, I hear there are many Americans enjoying the sun, including Mrs. Beatrice Cartwright, paying her first visit to Europe since the war, Mrs. Doris Duke, as lovely as ever, Mrs. Bernard Baruch, Junior, and Mr. Charles Murphy and his lovely young daughter, Anne, who has now returned to New York to prepare for her first term at college in the autumn.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor entertain many guests in their villa, one of the most recent being Miss Elsa Maxwell, who has been living in America for the past few years. Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis is living in his lovely villa, and not far along the coast Mr. Somerset Maugham has been entertaining a few friends at his. Others who have been enjoying the Côte d'Azur include Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale, Lt.-Col. Darley Bridge, Mr. Ken Goode, and Mrs. Pamela Rank; while the film world has been represented by such stars as Merle Oberon and Michael Wilding.

Portugal has been the choice of the Hon. Alatheia Fitzalan-Howard, elder daughter of Viscount Fitzalan of Derwent, who is spending several weeks out there. M. and Mme. Bohn have taken their attractive daughter, Monique, with them for a holiday in their native Norway. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd have been spending a short holiday in Paris—Mrs. Lloyd was formerly Miss June Kepple. Lady Suenson-Taylor I met in Grosvenor Square looking chic and cool in spite of the heat. She told me she had recently been to Denmark to visit relatives. I also met Mrs. Lee-Ward, who was paying a flying visit to London, en route to the Continent.

I now pack and take my sleeper to the Highlands, so all news from Scotland next week.



The Duchess of Buccleuch at the start of the shoot over Durisdeer Moor, Dumfriesshire, for which she was hostess



The Earl of Dalkeith, son and heir of the Duke of Buccleuch, discusses prospects with Keeper M'Knight before the start of the shoot from Drumlanrig Castle

Fitzwilliam, Mr. Philip Warburg, Dr. and Mrs. Brian Pringle, Miss Lavinia Lambton, Mr. Robert Green, who was the Irish squash rackets champion, and Major and Mrs. Victor McCalmont. He had only flown over from Liverpool that morning, as he had been riding in a "bumper" race the previous day, when he came in second.

THE Meath Hunt Ball on the Thursday and the Louth Hunt Ball the following night were both great fun and very cheery affairs. Pink coats were well to the fore, and as the evenings wore on, many hunting horns were brought into play. Many of the dancers



Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor was one of the many representatives of clans at the castle



Sir Francis Grant, the Albany Herald, reads out the history of the Fiery Cross to the gathering



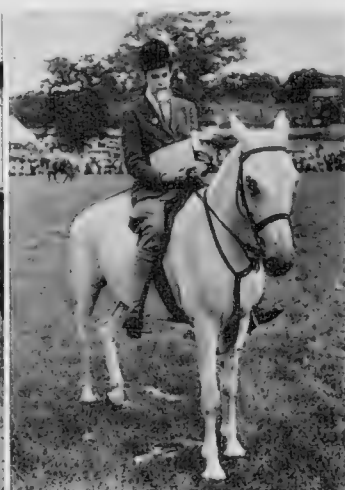
Sir John Falconer, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, lighting the birchwood crosses at a brazier



Miss E. Bush on Darky and Miss Joan Cross on Captain in the heavy cart-horse race



Henrietta Brierley on Pedlar, winner of the senior children's pony class



Jennifer Siggers on Tic Tac, with which she won her first riding prize



Mr. J. L. Wild's Gatesheath Tempest trotting before the judges in the single harness horse or pony class



Sir Philip Manson-Bahr, the physician, with Merrymac in the hunter heavyweights



Mrs. Christopher Soames, formerly Miss Mary Churchill, presenting a cup to Sally Wilson, a prize-winner in the junior children's class

Edenbridge

Good Sport and Brilliant

More than a score of Fiery Crosses, traditional emblem of the summoning of the clans, were lit under the walls of Edinburgh Castle recently and taken by specially picked runners to the Guildhall, London. From there they were sent by air to Scottish communities abroad as expressive of the vitality of Scottish industry. The ceremony was associated with the "Enterprise Scotland, 1947" exhibition



The Earl and Countess of Mansfield with their elder daughter, eleven-year-old Lady Malvina Murray



Lord James Stewart-Murray (Duke of Atholl) was also there. Five pipe bands and a military band were in attendance



Photographs by Omar
Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, Chief of his Clan and Lord-Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, another witness of the age-old ceremony

Horse Show

Turnouts on the Kent Border



Mr. Chas. Carter, who won the open jumping on Airman, clears the bars with plenty of room to spare



Capt. Tony Collings, M.B.E., joint-judge of the hunters and hacks



Mrs. Leppard on Cleopatra going over stylishly in the open jumping



Miss Sybil Smith, driving classes judge, with Mr. Nigel Coleman, a first-prize winner



Miss V. Holden congratulates Miss H. Pritchard on winning the hack class



Sir John Prichard-Jones, Bt., and Lady Prichard-Jones, daughter of Sir Walter Nugent



Lady Joan Phillips, second sister of Earl Fitzwilliam, and wife of Major G. P. Phillips, with Countess Fitzwilliam



Capt. George Drummond, from the Isle of Man, with Lady Nelson, wife of Sir James Nelson, Bt.



Capt. Edward de L. Cazenove, Lady Cecilia FitzRoy and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, sister of Viscountess Jocelyn

Michael Killanin

An Irish Commentary

AFTER the hectic week of Galway races closely followed by the successful but overcrowded Horse Show week, it was a pleasant change in the middle of the month to drive up to Clifden, the capital of Connemara, to the Connemara Pony Breeders Society's annual show. In recent years this show was held at Carna, but it was decided, in order to make sure the same ponies were not shown every year and to spread the interest in the society, to move the venue each year—so quite appropriately the largest town west of Corrib was chosen.

A few years ago the Connemara show was purely a local affair, which besides setting the standard of pony breeding, encouraged competition in various local crafts, also awarding prizes for different aspects of farming and agriculture. Now the show attracts buyers from England, especially those who are running riding stables specialising in children's ponies. This year I did not meet a buyer from as far away as the previous year, when a stallion was purchased for the State of Mysore.

BUT what are the Connemara ponies? Most of the English ponies, be they from Dartmoor or Exmoor, the New Forest or Wales, have been popular and well known for many an age, but it is only in recent years that the fame of the Connemara pony has gone farther afield than Connacht, and now I see that England has a Connemara Pony Society, of which Miss Spottiswoode, of Belston, in Devon, who has been a regular Connemara show visitor, is hon. secretary.

Of the origin of these ponies little is really known. They are reputed to have much Spanish blood, and like some of the western families, their pedigree is linked in legend with the Armada. The descendants of Armada sailors

are out of proportion, rather like those from the Mayflower. Galway, for geographical and economic reasons, was closely related to Spain during late mediæval times—in fact, well into the seventeenth century. It is not astonishing that with this constant interchange of trade the Spaniards should have left behind signs of their influence, and to-day this is not only traced in the people and horses,

but also in architecture and dress. There is little doubt that an indigenous breed existed long before the Spanish influence was introduced with the Spanish Barb and Andalusian horses.

IT was at the end of the last century that official interest began to be taken in the breeding of ponies, and the Congested Districts Board introduced the Welsh stallions in 1891. Cannon Ball, the most famous Connemara stallion, who died in 1926 and is No. 1 in the Stud book, was descended from a Welsh sire. During the succeeding years thoroughbreds, half-breeds and hackneys were all introduced with dire results, and the Connemara pony only survived in the remote mountainous districts. In 1923 it was decided to form a Society for the preservation and improvement of Connemara ponies. This has been done and accomplished from within by selecting the best native stock. In the first year the Society registered 75 mares and 6 stallions; since that date the total registered has been 1080 mares and 70 stallions.

THE sixth volume of the Stud book is at present with the printers. The method adopted by the Society is to register mares either at the annual show or in the spring, when a board tours the district. Any registered mare can get a free nomination to one of the stallions controlled by the Society—there are at present fifteen, of which thirteen are the property of the Society. About 350 nominations are given annually. The work is carried out by a voluntary committee, which has Mr. Bartley O'Sullivan, the secretary of the Galway Committee of Agriculture, as its secretary, and the success of the organisation in recent years is due to Mr. O'Sullivan. The Society receives financial help from the Government and county council, besides voluntary subscriptions.

The points of a Connemara pony, as given in the Stud book, are:

Height: 13-14 hands.
Colour: Grey, black, bay, brown, dun, with occasional roans and chestnuts.
Type: Body compact, deep, standing on short legs and covering a lot of ground.
Shoulders: Riding.
Head: Well-balanced head and neck.
Action: Free, easy and true.
Bone: Clean, hard, flat, measuring 7 to 8 ins. below knee.

There is an increasing demand for the ponies, but, luckily, the majority of interested breeders will not part with their mares. The average prices are £25-£30 for unbroken ponies of three to four years of age, whilst a good mare fetches about £35.



A Connemara Pony, one of a sturdy breed whose good qualities are becoming widely recognised



Mr. and Mrs. Maurice O'Connor. Mrs. O'Connor was formerly Viscountess Gormanston



The Hon. Mrs. Julian Mond, wife of Lord Melchett's heir, and her sister, Miss Graham



General Sir Miles Dempsey and Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort were among those who saw the Phoenix Plate won by Mr. J. McLean's The Web

Racing at Phoenix Park, Dublin



Priscilla in Paris

General Post

PARIS is in the midst of its provincial season. Country people flock to the capital, but foreign visitors are more rare. There is also, of course, the strange crowd that turns up, from all over the world, for the opening days of the autumn collections *chez* the Grands Couturiers, when their salons always remind me of the parrot and monkey houses at the Zoo.

The foreigners take the provincials for Parisians, the provincials imagine that the foreigners (so long as they remain silent) are *le Tout Paris*, thus everyone is happy. The smart restaurants of the Champs Élysées and the Bois still have their evening *clientèle*. The Deauville-ites, now the heat-wave is over (at time of writing), are going south, the Riviera fans are coming north. The few big garages, that remain open are crowded with super-luxe cars and the mechanics cannot cope with the repairs. Strange what a lot of trouble these chromium-plated chestnut-roasters seem to run into. Are they too bright and beautiful to last?

ALL this applies, of course, to the centre of Paris, where the luxury shops, hotels, restaurants and big stores dare not close, but in what the town calls its "habitation quarters," my odds-and-ends shopping and marketing has become something of a problem. Four bakers' shops have closed in my neighbourhood. My pet butcher has departed to his château near St. Jean de Luz. My favourite greengrocer has a suite at Eden Roc. My beloved *apéritif* merchant has put up his shutters, and sniggers down at his annoyed patrons from a flower-box-decked balcony on the third floor.

We are saved from starvation, to a certain extent, by the bi-weekly open-air markets that set up their stalls on the main thoroughfares of every quarter, but, even so, the laying-in of provisions is quite a problem, and one wonders how people manage who have no refrigerators. We get fish out of tins, if we have had the foresight to lay in a stock, and milk is, of course, *now est*, although when one motors across France one sees the big milk-cans awaiting collection at all the cross-roads, the same as in the good old pre-war times.

Rather a horrible thing is happening just now. Our expensive bread, which is made mostly of maize (and Heaven knows what), goes mouldy overnight, and people are often obliged to throw

it away. Since there is not enough of it for all who deserve it, one sees—if one is an early riser, as, I am—ill-nourished and unfortunate creatures grubbing in the dust-bins for broken crusts. And yet on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays the *patisseries* show a grand display of divine, creamy cakes—at a price. What a world! *Parlons d'autres choses.*

KIND friends wafted me off to Deauville for the "Automobile Week-end." There one hits the high spots of life . . . but underneath the ache remains. André de Fouquières presided at the judges' bench during the Concours d'Élégance. I wonder how many thousands of these affairs he has made a success of in the last thirty years? The painter Van Dongen also was there, snugly sheltered under a very beautiful lady's sunshade, while on her left was the Duc de Fitz-James.

The first prize was awarded to the Comtesse de Maillé, who was all in white and drove an immense black Cadillac. It was difficult to decide which she managed best: the powerful car or the huge white hat that was perched on the back of her head, a prey to every sea breeze. A special prize went to the Fenwick children. They were charming, all six of them, ranged according to size: the baby only three years old, while the eldest, who drove the high-powered Mercedes very cleverly, is barely fourteen. In this country the age limit for obtaining a driving licence for a motor-bike is sixteen and eighteen for a car . . . so what? Mme. Georges André came with her three girls. They were all dressed alike and Mama looked younger than her eldest daughter. Mlle. Duclos piloted a light green Ford, her frock matching the pale tan upholstery and her complexion matching the frock. Delightful ensemble. But one wonders, if she drove back to Paris in that outfit, what happened when she struck the patch of newly-tarred road near Pont l'Évêque.

Amongst the onlookers were Sir John and Lady Blunt, Princesse Fakhry, Mrs. Rickardo (one of the winners of the Thion de la Chaume golf trophy), Mrs. Vanderbilt, Miss Nan Minot, Comtesse de la Béraudière, Raymond Rodet, Prince Louis Murat, M. Jean Effel, and most of the cinema and stage stars who, last week, were at Antibes.

So the wheels turn . . . and where *do* they get their petrol for the turning thereof?



Women's Singles Finalists, Mrs. Sheila Summers (S. Africa), who caused a great sensation by defeating Doris Hart (U.S.A.), who had done so well at Wimbledon and in Paris



Eustace Fannin and Eric Sturgess who won the Men's Doubles for South Africa. Jost Spitzer, Swiss tennis champion, is dispensing refreshments



D. R. Stuart

Mrs. Nancye Bolton (Australian champion) and Giovanni Cucelli, champion of Italy, runners-up in the Mixed Doubles at the Swiss International Championships at Lausanne, played in the hottest summer. Switzerland has had for fifty years

Tennis Champions at Lausanne

Voilà!

● A Beau Brummell of the French stage has just moved into a new flat. One of his less-well-dressed friends met him the other day, congratulated him on a new summer suit and begged him for the address of his tailor. "I'll give you his address on one condition," the actor promised, "and that is that you promise you won't give him mine!"





The Hon. Mrs. John Wrightson, youngest daughter of the late Viscount Dawson of Penn, with her daughters, Penelope and Juliette, enjoying the sunshine at this charming Essex resort

"The Tatler" goes to —

FRINTON-ON-SEA



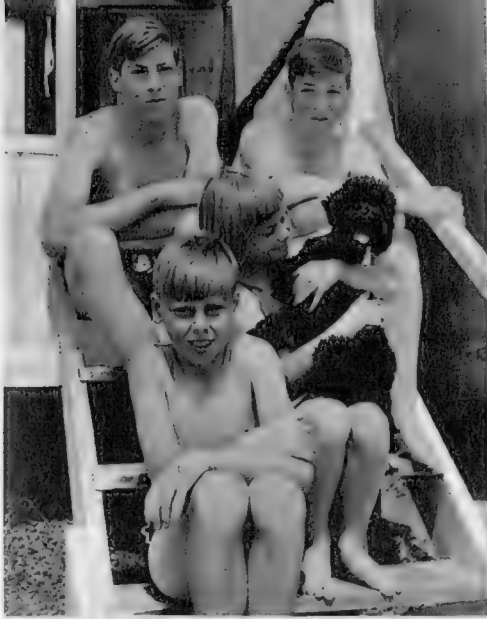
Lady Bowater, wife of Sir Eric Bowater, with Nicholas and Sarah, two of their three children. They live in Surrey



The Hon. Mrs. Ralph Hubbard, elder daughter of Lord Ashfield, head of London Transport, with her daughter, Julia



A happy family quartet, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Adams with their two children, George and Davan



Nigel and Simon Stourton with June and Robert Ducas, children of Mr. Robert Ducas and Mrs. Brian Buchel



Carolyn and Sally Hunter, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hunter, explore the athletic possibilities of railings



Lady Anne Nevill, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leves, with Lady Davinia Pepys, and the Hon. Guy Nevill

Photographs by Swaebe



George and Davan Adams prudently practise swimming on the sands before trusting themselves to salt water



Patricia and Elisabeth Stanley, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Stanley, find that a rubber dinghy makes an ideal resting-place after a bathe



The Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny with their grandchildren, Lady Davinia Pepys, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, and the Hon. Guy Nevill, son of Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

IN every shrine of *la haute Couture* in three capitals, we guess, peals of mirth are greeting a recent cry to the Women of England from a sister-soul in one of the dailies urging them to rebel against the Paris dress-makers for launching longer skirts.

We wouldn't blame that English Rose for not knowing her sex, we'd blame Nanny—one of those cantankerous ones, we bet.

"Nanny, women aren't *really* fond of clothes, are they?"

"You ask no questions and you'll hear no lies."

"Nanny, don't you think women simply hate having to—"

"You keep your face still while I soap it."

"Nanny—"

"Dry your ears."

Once a year, maybe, Nanny took her to the Stores and she saw all the fashionable clergymen's and higher Civil Servants' wives replenishing their wardrobes.

"Nanny, why doesn't *every* woman wear sensible clothes?"

"Some do, some don't."

"Nanny, isn't it awful the way some women let French dressmakers make them wear silly things?"

"Not knowing, couldn't say."

"Nanny, if I was to write to the *Times* one day telling them not to, wouldn't they be simply thrilled?"

"Wipe your nose."

Sequel

WELL, the idea blossomed at length, to the infinite delight today of Zouzou and Anisette and Lolotte and Chez Nini and a score more experts in striped pants and hooked noses. Listen Abie by me this baby she make me laugh so I should bust my pants yet. Izzy that dame by her I laugh—so I should roll on the floor. Astronovich! Wunderbar!

Sparklers

"I'M going to sit up all night with Reggie saying mad scarlet things," announces Esmé Amaranth in *The Green Carnation*, by Robert Hichens, the only good parody of Oscar Wilde in existence. And the exquisite Esmé continues:

Let me be brilliant, dear boy,
or I feel I shall weep for sheer
wittiness and die, as so many have
died, with my epigrams still in me.

Giving point maybe to a recent squawk in the weeklies that brilliant talk in London is quite dead (it isn't), and that grim and hurried Utopian feeding has killed it (it hasn't). Actually there is one famous club where the wits still give tongue in what Kipling, once a member, called "real, rich, allusive, cut-in-and-outskittles," and we know at least one after-dinner speaker about town, still in his forties, who could sparkle the pants off any noted wit of the past. Even at the Critics' Circle a good thing is heard every other year or so, though as the Circle boys are naturally fearful of having their witty cracks stolen and printed next day by unscrupulous rivals, they generally sit round dumb and glum as owls. (Fear of the police also contributes.)

Footnote

WE hear you cry in surprise. "What! These brilliant playboys! These gay whimsy guides to Theatreland! These jaunty *farceurs*—can it be that they merely glower at each other like stewed oysters? Are they so lifeless?" To which we reply that the Circle boys can be galvanised, stampeded, panicked, and metagrabolised with ease any night by anybody putting his head round the door and murmuring "*Baby's in the vestibule*." For this reason the Circle has ten emergency exits. How do we know? We used to be a waiter there.

Reaction

HYDRO-ELECTRICAL schemes in the Highlands are still, we observe, worrying a romantic Southron type who thinks Robert Louis Stevenson would be terribly upset; which seems doubtful, since Stevenson came of a family of engineers himself.

In our unfortunate view Stevenson would not mind at all, and would even rewrite one or two of his lyric pieces to suit the market and the march of Progress, and tralala, and folderol. Example:

In the Highlands, in the country places,
Where the nice old men have dirty faces,
And the oily stokers

Nasty dreams;

There infernal uproar, made with relish,
Makes the *tout ensemble* completely hellish,
Thanks to new hydro-electric schemes.

The boy who would object, probably, would be Scott, who would leap on his trusty rocking-



horse immediately and reel out a few thousand lines such as:

When James Fitz-James perceived the view,
He whistled till his face went blue,
Among the heather nothing stirred,
The Clans had given him the bird,
Except a lot of greasy men
Erecting steelwork down the glen,
Who simply gave a hearty cheer
And took him for an engineer.
As for the Lady of the Lake,
The whole thing gave her stomach-ache,
And when the mighty waterfall
Came rushing down and drowned them all,
She cried, "Hello, there, J. Fitz-J!
What about calling it a day?" (etc., etc., etc.).

This could go on for hours and hours, and why not? It sounds good, means nothing, and hurts nobody.

Crisis

AMID present and imminent omens, signs, dooms darkening, rumblings, tremors, lightnings, and veilings of the gods, let us not flinch from facing the possibility of a change in the dimensions of the standard cricket-ball, concerning which furious controversy has been raging among Auntie *Times'* little readers.

Not for the first time. In the 1930's some bloodcrazed Marat was already stirring up national rebellion against Rule IV of the Laws of Cricket, which lays down the weight of the ball as "not less than 5½ ounces, nor more than 5¾," and its circumference as "not less than 8¼ inches, nor more than 9." Today red revolutionaries like Bp. J-rd-ne are taking up the same howl. They forget that in 1847 the M.C.C. refused to alter the Rule even at the cry of a beautiful woman writhing at their feet: Ruby Wisden, the toast of Lord's.

Very sensibly, Ruby wanted a smaller and a chocolate ball, so that bowlers could eat it midway through an over, thus fooling the Australians. Her cries were piercing, her insults intolerable. The M.C.C. longed to strike her. Chivalry forbade, or as near as dammit.

Tipple

RUM (Barbados-Water, Kill-Devil, Rumbullion, or Rumbo) from the West Indies



"Seems to come from nowhere, doesn't he?"

will soon be available, we observe, at 29s. 9d. a bottle, which is more than the buccaneers used to pay for it. Even in England in the 1780's rum was only a shilling a gallon.

There's an idyllic picture, whether in Esquemeling or some other historian of piracy we forget, of a drinking-party of pirates in the Dry Tortugas finishing the evening by chucking ship's buckets full of Jamaica rum over each other, against a background of feathery palms, pale golden sands, and deep turquoise sea, like big happy clumsy boys. It ended in murder, naturally, but that is not so interesting to a neat orderly mind, like ours, as the cost of the party, which must have been round about £150 in modern money. Those members of the party who were not hanged in chains in due course must often have regretted this expenditure in their frugal old age at Wapping or Ratcliffe.

Revolt

TAKING a crack in a daily paper at examinations, a rebel of tender years ("Youth! Youth!" as the indulgent wine-merchant murmurs in *Zuleika Dobson*) omitted to mention the most irritating aspect of any important examination, namely the master, don, or Civil Servant who sits on high, often enthroned in a chair on a table, cool, calm, and contemptuous, to see that nobody cheats.

A wildish chap we knew who failed the Indian Civil, to some extent because he was also fond of horses, took a couple of eggs with him to buzz at this overseer or alguazil, but his nerve failed him. Like the god Ho Tai in contemplation the personage sprawled at ease, now dozing, now ogling some passing trollop through the window, now fixing an offensive eye on some sweating suspect at the rear of the room. Our friend had half a mind to rise and challenge him. One may imagine the ensuing dialogue.

I say, you! What d'you know in Sanskrit about the Pragmatic Sanction?"

It's not my business to know about the Pragmatic Sanction."

No, I bet it isn't! I bet you don't know about anything else either, you orgulous bureaucratic hilding."

I bet you I do."

I bet you can't name fifty simple wildflowers!"

Oh, yes, I can. Old Man's Beard, Shepherd's Tox Stinking Bugwort, Wild Bigamy, er, er . . ."

At this time most of the examinees would be jolting in and contradicting (this chap said). Blows would be exchanged. Time would fly, a bell would suddenly ring, and India would be automatically deprived of a score of budding Clives, Lawrences and Curzons. And a fat lot India would have minded, even then, he said.



Robin Adler

J. H. Roberts and Margaret Barton as father and daughter in *Fly Away, Peter* at the St. James's Theatre. Miss Barton, despite her twenty-one years, has a remarkable talent for playing the perpetual *enfant terrible*, a reputation which she established first in *Pink String* and *Sealing Wax* and later in *Dear Ruth*. "Whilst I continue to look so impossibly young," she says, "it seems as if I'm fated to play schoolgirl parts." Miss Barton, who is a Londoner, had her dramatic training at the R.A.D.A. and has been on the London stage for five years



"I sometimes think they can smell whether you are carrying a gun or not"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE way the minds of some of the American film censors work is sometimes difficult for outsiders to comprehend. Reviewing a certain motion picture, the Massachusetts board of censors issued this order: "Eliminate scene showing man kicking girl." As a footnote they added: "This elimination required only for Sunday showings."

AN enthusiastic gardener was proud of his crop of monster red currants. Several of his gardening friends, after admiring the fruit, advised him to send an exhibit to the local horticultural show.

He sent a fine plate of the currants, but was disappointed when his entry only secured third prize.

He found out afterwards that a mistake had been made. They had been placed in the tomato class.

THE credit department of an automobile sales firm was having difficulty in collecting an account in Northern Washington. They finally wrote: "Dear Mr. Jones: What would your neighbours think if I came to your house and repossessed your car?"

A week later they received their own letter back, and under the signature was scrawled: "Sir, I took the above matter up with my neighbours and they think it would be a lousy trick. Yours sincerely, Fred Jones."

THE Report of the Chicago Better Business Bureau states that many irate citizens are complaining to them about having merchandise mailed to them that they have not ordered and do not want, and then receiving a bill for it. Not long ago a physician received such a package with the following letter: "We are taking the liberty of sending you three exceptionally fine ties. Because these ties have the approval of thousands of discriminating men, we know you will like them. Please send two dollars."

The indignant doctor replied: "I am taking the liberty of sending you two dollars' worth of extra fine pills. These pills have helped thousands, and I am sure you will appreciate my thoughtfulness in sending them. Please accept them in payment of the ties which you sent me recently."

THE receptionist of the Domestic Agency was taking down particulars of the would-be maid. "Have you any preference for any special kind of family?" she asked.

"Any kind except highbrows," answered the domestic. "My last place was with a pair of 'em, and they were always quarrelling. It took me all me time running back and forward from the key-hole to the dictionary till I felt proper worn out, so I says, never again."



Across the Moors
on "the Twelfth"

Members of Mrs. D. H. Baird's party at Riechip:
Mr. D. C. Prior, Miss E. Prior, Miss H. Baird,
Mrs. R. D. Baird and Mr. R. Potchecary



Keeper J. Willie showing some of the bag to Major T. B. Laird,
Mr. J. F. Anton, Col. F. W. Gibb and Mr. H. S. D. Swan, at
Mr. A. A. Howison's shoot at Ranagalzion, near Blairgowrie

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

Now that a comforting thing called *Pax Britannica* has departed from a very wild and difficult region, the North-West Frontier of India, most of the political and all military officers who have ever served on it, will be much intrigued to see how things are going to work. In *Pax Britannica* days the roads through the land were out of bounds for private battle, murder and sudden death, and anyone caught breaking the rules was for it. He could have as many little wars as he liked with the fighting cock next door, provided he kept to his own dunghill, and no one could say him nay. But now, how about it?

In the past, gentlemen returning to their country seats after a little shopping tour, paying a few bills, or perhaps it would be truer to say, settling a few scores—with luck and by a sunken road, could get back with a whole skin, greatly aided, of course, by the safety zones over which the Sirkar held sway. Now that shielding arm has gone, Mr. Nehru has told the world that all that is needed is a little Hindu kultur and sweet words to the inhabitants and all will be well. The locals seem to have told him, quite rudely, that he was wrong. The tribesmen have all declared for Pakistan, as it was almost certain that they would, but does this mean that they will now join Mr. Jinnah's attenuated little army, and wipe all the private slates clean—the abduction of Sarwar Khan's daughter, the slaughter of his sons, the annexation of Yakub Ali's flocks and herds and the painful elimination of his shepherds, and so forth and so on?

Potato Shortage

WE have only to look back a very few years into our own Border history to get the answer. Take two paces to the rear to the days when Elliots and Armstrongs "rode thieves all"; to the days of the Scots and Kerrs, Johnstones and Maxwells, of Kilmont Willie and Bold Buccleuch of Branksome; also to Auld Watt of Harden. Multiply all this by ten, and then make your bet about the job in hand for the chap in charge. How Yusuf Mahomed, Yakub Khan and Sher Afzul must have laughed at the very idea of Hindu kultur!

Little Daud Mahomed was only ten years old, but he was an enthusiastic and very competent market-gardener with a particular flair for potatoes—a not-very-easy crop to cultivate in the thriftless and sparse acres of the land which lay round and about the Kila in the grim and barren hills of the restless hill

country in which he lived and had been raised. By his diligence and attention, a little patch he had sown was doing very well indeed, and, not unnaturally, Daud believed that he was entitled to the full enjoyment of the fruits of his labour.

He was, therefore, very put out when he discovered that some wicked one, who had neither delved nor sown, was helping himself by the bagful every night. Like most Pathans, he had learned how to hold a rifle almost as soon as he had learned how to hold his mother's milk, and he was, in fact, very nearly a first-class shot. He marked the range from a convenient rock with a whitewashed stone and then lay out nightly with a Mauser that had come into The Frontier land via the Gulf and an Arab dhow, and he made it a certainty that the potato-pincher would have a very unpleasant time upon his next adventure.

The saintly Mullah Ismail Khan had met with misfortune; in fact, he was in Peshawar Gaol under sentence to be scragged for the last and most bloody raid which he and his picked crew of cronies had carried out upon the rich and well-stocked village of Bunnia Kotal. Now it is considered by The Faithful most unseemly that so eminent a cleric should be despatched to the pleasant and peaceful land of Béhisht and the pink-skirted Houris by so unromantic a thing as the hangman's rope, and so somehow or other things were arranged that His Reverence should get out, and once more be free to return to his devoted parishioners.

It was the last night of the bright side of the moon when little Daud Mahomed reaped the just reward of his patience. A creeping, stealthy figure; he had the range to an inch; a miss was impossible. Came the dawn, and he went out to inspect, for it is as well to wait if you are on The Frontier and make sure that your target is not foxing. He turned him over; he was as dead as two herrings; but, alas and alack, the henna-stained beard of the Haji and the fierce hooked nose belonged to his respected sire, Ismail Khan, who, of course, had no design whatever upon his potatoes. A sad accident!

The Autumn Entries

EVEN a superficial survey tells us that, if we are still allowed to race by the time October arrives—and some say that we may not be, since the pains and penalties of the second year of peace are far more severe than anything we had to endure during the war—the

menu spread before us is of top quality. The weights for the "Grand National" of the flat are not due until September 4th, second forfeits on October 7th, the Cesarewitch being run on October 15th.

There is nothing quite so futile as trying to build until you know exactly how many bricks you are going to be allowed to use, and although some are fond of trying to do the Official Handicapper's work in advance, for myself I think I prefer to wait for the highly competent Mr. Freer's figures. His automatic top-weight, of course, will be the six-year-old Monsieur L'Amiral on last year's Cesarewitch and this year's Ascot and Goodwood adventures, and I opine that this animal will have to be even better than some people believe him to be to continue to bullock his way to success in our long-distance races if he is to add this scalp to the already formidable collection hanging from his waistbelt.

Possibilities

MR. FREER is blessed with the penetrating eye. How can we say anything about our own chances until we see the weights? Reynard Volant could not run at Goodwood because of something like a leg, which I am glad to be told is not serious. Our honest Voluntary keeps on winning; Ford Transport is another; Roman Magic, Kerry Piper, No Orchids, and a very few more, we know will try to hold the fort, but, bar the first two I have mentioned, I do not honestly believe that we have a very strong Defence Force. The only ones in the Gimcrack (August 28th) which attract are Lerins, who might win it—in fact, I think he will; Black Tarquin, of whom we have yet to see the best; that nice filly Masaka, and the French colt Djerid.

The Champion Stakes (October 16th) and the Cambridgeshire (October 29th) are both short-distance races. How I should like to see poor Petition win the former, but I think that Imphal may; and as to the latter, I confess to a blank mind, due principally to lack of interest. It is rarely wise to believe what we are told, but some people do. Here is something that someone has said he thinks: "If Turkaris misses the Champion he will collect the Cambridgeshire!" Personally, I do not think that either of these races is quite far enough for him, for I am sure that staying is his long suit. In the interim the Ebor may provide some indication, even though it is half a mile short of the Cesarewitch.



Mr. D. C. Prior, who put up a fine performance for Harrow in the recent match at Lord's, chose a very sensible dress for shooting



"The Twelfth," and all that it implies, has seldom been better summed up than in this picture of a retriever bringing in a bird at Mr. Howison's shoot at Ranagazian

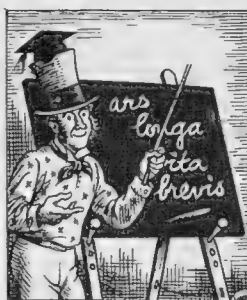
Scoreboard



Miss H. Baird (left) and Miss E. Prior making their way through the heather on the hills near Riechip



Mrs. R. D. Baird takes a line on a rising bird, while the retriever watches eagerly



laughed when he first saw the painted Britons chaffering on the cliffs. If he strolled in on us now (after two hours in the Customs), would he laugh any less to see us unable to get all that coal out of the ground and all those houses into it? Carry on with the lecture, Professor; beware of the blackboard; some saucy student has sawn through six-sevenths of the easel.

MEANWHILE, I have a Pothos for the Home Guard cricket matches we used to play in August on the local death-trap. I miss the lad who used to field at long-leg and take all the catches on his tie-clip and say, "Oh, my." And I miss our mighty slogger, Albert Lloyd, who once hit a six to square-leg off his knuckles and smiled affably at point when the ball bounced off his knee-caps to the square-leg umpire. And I miss the visiting umpire, a perpetual Private in the Pioneer Corps, who, when appealed to for l.b.w., said: "Not likely; he never even touched it"; and our own umpire, who gave a 10-ball over and when apprised of his miscalculation, said: "If I wants to have 10 balls in an over, I'll — well have 10"; and the bowler, the umpire's son, said, "That 's right, Dad, just keep on steady."

THIS is the time of the year when bowlers hustle to get their hundred-wickets-in-a-season. Some aim to have their small son batting in the back garden and to bowl him out sixteen times between tea and bedtime. Some persuade themselves into matches on the seashore, and bowl googlies with star-fish.

Still talking of bowlers. The search goes on. What wouldn't we give to-day for some who, in bygone days, never played for England at all. There comes to mind the name of Guy Greville Napier, of Marlborough, Cambridge and Middlesex, who fell early in the First World War.

Napier and Morcom go paired in cricket's history; like Hirst and Rhodes, Hobbs and Sutcliffe, Gregory and McDonald. They were the scourge of Oxford in 1905-6-7. In 1907, Napier took 6 for 39 in the Players' second innings at Lord's, against such batsmen as Hobbs, Hayward, J. T. Tyldesley. Then a Government appointment took him to India. That wouldn't be happening to-day.

A LINK with W. G. Grace. Among the spectators the other day at Lord's was A. J. Turner, of Essex, who played under the Doctor for Gentlemen v. Players at the Oval in 1898. Turner, picked as a batsman, was put in at number eight. With startling temerity, he said to the Old Man, just before the Players' second innings, "Well, I suppose I'm being played for my bowling." "And bowl you shall," said W. G. On went Turner. He caught and bowled the great Arthur Shrewsbury for 6, and had Storer caught by his captain for 6. "And now," remarked Grace, "we'll try the real bowlers." They took no wickets at all.

In the next summer, W.G. played in the last of his Tests, all against Australia. C. B. Fry has told how, arriving late for the meeting of the Selection Committee for the second Test, he was greeted at the door by the question from the chairman, W.G.: "Charles, shall we play Archie MacLaren or not?" "Yes," said Fry, not knowing that this answer meant the finish of the Champion's career for England.

I PLAYED the other day in a cricket team whose ages ranged from seven to fifty-six, and which included both sexes. Our opponents were Boy Scouts from London. Their opening batsman was the best stonewaller I've seen since an Indian who, in the 1920's, played under the alias of "A. Brown." The stonewalling Scout scored 34 in two hours and ten minutes, without pads or gloves. He wasn't once hit on the shins. He was considered to have been caught at the wicket, after ninety minutes; by all except the umpire, who, when resting from his office, fielded at long-stop, and carried his left arm, broken two days before, in a sling. With the other, he ran out our third best batsman. Modern youth is tough.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"NOVELS OF HIGH SOCIETY FROM THE VICTORIAN AGE" (Pilot Press; 18s.) is an omnibus which pursues a promising route. The conductor is, one might put it, Anthony Powell, who, having selected the novels, very ably suggests, in his Introduction, some outstanding features of the bygone *beau monde* landscape we are to traverse. Mr. Powell does, in fact, literally introduce us to so much fun that it is hard to feel he could be better employed—I do, however, see no harm in asking, on behalf of many Anthony Powell readers, when he intends to give us another novel of his own? . . .

Meanwhile, this omnibus makes good his claim, that the novels in it "have not been chosen at random." Benjamin Disraeli's *Henrietta Temple*, G. A. Lawrence's *Guy Livingstone* and Ouida's *Moths* are spaced out, in the times of their original publication, by, roughly, twenty years. The first appeared in 1837 (the year of Queen Victoria's accession), the second in 1857, the third in 1880. The three do, between them, thus fairly cover what might be called the social life-illusion of the Victorian age.

ONE might regret that Mr. Powell's observations on the Society Novel as what would now be (odiously) called an art-form have had to be so constricted: this is a promising subject, in good hands. As it is, the fifteen-page Introduction (as against the 890 pages occupied by the novels) have, largely, to carry biographical notes and observations, which are witty enough, on the three authors. Where Mr. Powell does generalise, he is worth quoting:

Novels that deal with a specialised form of life inevitably pose the question of how successfully or otherwise their author has presented the background against which the characters play their part. How much do the surroundings approximate to the outward realities of this particular world; how much has the author, deliberately or otherwise, allowed his or her imagination to diversify the scene in order to accommodate with greater convenience a certain favourite idea? Fashions in literature change. Factory or saloon bar in these days often provide a backcloth for popular romanticisms that the Victorians preferred to set in the drawing-room or the hunting-field; but whatever solecisms may pursue the painter of proletarian or gangster landscape—and there is ample evidence of the hazards that surround such an undertaking—there can be no doubt that the writer who has decided to describe "Society" had, at any period, a task that laid him open to criticism of a particularly searching kind. A Society novel, by its very nature, treats of a form of existence unfamiliar to its potential readers. An explanation to the uninitiated of the doings of the elect undertaken by one of the latter, even if the grosser forms of vulgarity are avoided, can at best hardly fail to escape a note of patronage, not to mention some reproach of "giving the show away"; while, at worst, the definitions risk downright contradiction on the part of those who consider themselves in a position to be as well, or better, informed.

THE three Society novelists (or, better, novelists of Society) in question all wrote, in different degrees, from the outside. To the brilliant young Jew who was to become one of the greatest British Prime Ministers, British Society offered itself as a fascinating subject for psychological analysis, plus the aesthetic charm of stylishness and tradition—much as did, later, *ancien régime* French Society to the French-Jewish Proust.

"Novels of High Society from the Victorian Age"

"Certified"

"So Long at the Fair"

"Penguin Guides"

Disraeli enjoyed the scene (and could transfer his enjoyment to his pages) to the full of his exceptional intelligence—if his Asiatic eye revelled in every glitter, the man of sense in him knew what it was worth. He is rarely to be accused of infatuation—and of subservience certainly not at all. Infatuation certainly does appear in the attitudes of G. A. Lawrence and of Ouida—in the novels of both one finds the stigmata of a peculiar dream-world. George Lawrence owed a certain rockiness at the base to a social inequality in his pedigree—his mother had been Lady Emily Finch-Hatton, his father, alas, nothing more than a clergyman. "The Rev. Alfred Charney Lawrence," Mr. Powell tells us, "had been born at Camberwell, a district then inhabited by prosperous business men, and it seems clear that Lawrence's grandfather, who owned one of the fine villas there, had made his pile in the City. Of the many violent emotions expressed in Lawrence's novels, a contempt for the abject bearing and demeanour of the clergy, solicitors, and other members of the professional classes, is the most outstanding; while this contempt reaches a pitch of almost Marxian abhorrence when the story necessitates the mention of persons engaged in commercial enterprise."

As for poor, dear Ouida, she was, by every showing, never the thing at all. By birth she was nobody in particular (she did, it is true, enjoy the complicating distinction of being half-French), and the wealth gained, honourably, by her pen was to be dissipated in a series of disastrous escapades. She most nearly made the grade, it seems, in Florence, but even there never quite; and to the end she never knew what was what—the luminaries upon whom she showered most adulation were either not quite "there" yet, or else slightly off.

She was, says Mr. Powell, "a kind of monstrous incarnation of the female novelist of caricature, egotistical almost to the point of insanity, consumed with snobbishness, egregiously bad-mannered, unattractive in appearance, with a voice 'like a carving-knife,' and habitually surrounded with a herd of pet dogs of doubtful temper. . . ." No, I fear we must take it that the born, or natural, denizen of any high Society is kept too tranquilly busy enjoying it to take up the pen, and that "Society novels" are, in the main, written by either the adventurer, the wistful infatuate or (type emerging these days) the Fifth Columnist.

ALL the more is each of these three Victorian novels of high Society in its own way a triumph. One cannot, and need not, of course, discount the ever-strong charm of the "period piece"—the slang, the dresses, the interiors (such as only Hollywood has equalled since) and the invaluable contributions to drama made by ideas of "caste," "good form" and "a woman's honour." Of the three, the first, *Henrietta Temple*, is the only one with lasting claims to distinction—the scenes, if extravagant, are august; the characters operatic but true-blue. The reader may find the emotional blisses and



Catherine Gaskin, sixteen-year-old author of "This Other Eden" (Collins: 9s. 6d.)

RECORD OF THE WEEK

ON June 11th I wrote about the Brunswick records of Annie, Get Your Gun, featuring Ethel Merman, who plays Annie in New York. This time it gives me real pleasure to commend to your notice the two recordings of "Vocal Gems" from the show with the cast playing in London at the present time to packed houses. Miss Dolores Gray (the Coliseum "Annie") made an instantaneous hit on the opening night. Her partner, Mr. Bill Johnson, came a close second. Together these artists make a grand set of records.

I think Miss Gray's "Annie" is much better suited to a British audience than that of The Merman, and I prefer Mr. Johnson's work to that of Ray Middleton, on Brunswick. These excerpts are provided with a well-balanced and stylish accompaniment from Lew Stone and his Orchestra, and our own Wendy Toye and Irving Davies contribute their little bit, *Who Do You Love, I Hope*, which they do charmingly. (Columbia DX. 1379-1380.)

Robert Tredinnick.

agonies of Ferdinand and Henrietta just a shade too luxuriously prolonged; but as against this, Ferdinand's money-troubles are rendered with daunting verisimilitude. There is also a certain naivety—either disarming or putting-off according to the temperament of the reader—about the story-telling.

Such naivety is absent from the two later novels—as craftsmen, both G. A. Lawrence and Ouida could give points to most novelists of to-day. Both may be silly; neither is ever boring. I must confess that, coming new to Ouida, I found what has probably long been my natural level—I found *Moths* madly enjoyable (no other words for it), and, in spite of length and small print, was unwilling to skip a word. *Guy Livingstone*, with its 100-per-cent. male hero, is inevitably, primarily, a laugh—however, in both cases one must face the fact that, if Lawrence and Ouida knew infinitely less about people than did Disraeli, they knew (or had taught themselves) more about how to tell a story.

IN *Moths*, Lady Dolly, incorrigible mother of the unspotted (but, one must confess, somewhat priggish) Vere, inevitably steals the picture. Vere, a Joan of Arc type, sixteen years old, holland-clad from the schoolroom, arrives at Trouville to join her embarrassed mother, forms an idealistic passion for the world-famous singer Corréze (a marquis in private life), but is persuaded to sell herself in marriage, in order to save her mother's honour, to a Russian prince of unspeakable sensuality and vast wealth. Over the horrors of the marriage Ouida draws a series of lurid, quivering veils—dear me, how flat, by comparison, is our case-book fiction of to-day!

Moths is resplendently cosmopolitan—hardly a single European country capable of containing a castle, a town house or a luxury villa is left out: one whirls. As to her title-idea, Ouida gets slightly mixed up; we are, alternately, invited to think of moths as doomed and romantic insects, bound for the flame, and as pests, reducing any fabric, including the human soul, to a sadly moth-eaten state.

G. A. Lawrence shows, in *Guy Livingstone*, as impressive a power of turning on the heat as did his successor (but not, I think, relative), D. H. of the same surname. Blood-freezing, blood-curdling shrieks, fist-clenchings, groans and grittings of teeth abound; and from time to time we have mutters "unpleasantly like an oath." The hero, "neo-Gothic Lifeguards officer with a moustache that 'fell over his lip like a cascade'" embodies, as Mr. Powell puts it, his century's "beefy romanticism." He rides like a devil, shoots like a god, loves ruthlessly;

and, when on his premature deathbed, "took up a small silver cup that lay near, and crushed it flat between his fingers." Lawrence, as is evident here, influenced a whole school of succeeding novelists, not least Ouida; and may not, Mr. Powell suggests, have been without some effect on the youthful Kipling.

I do—as you may have inferred already—most confidently recommend *Novels of High Society from the Victorian Age* to all readers.

"CERTIFIED," by H. G. Woodley (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), is a book demanding serious attention: it has been widely, and, I feel sure, deservedly, publicised. It is autobiographical, being an account of a year spent by the author as a patient in a public asylum in Scotland, of his own state of mind, of his fellow-patients, and of present-day conditions, in general, for those who have been certified insane. That this is painful reading goes without saying—Mr. Woodley writes, indeed, as one returned from the living dead.

One's respect for him, for his courage, his frankness, his absence of self-pity and his disinterestedness (for he considers, he repeatedly says, that *he* personally had comparatively little to complain of) should be immense. But I still feel that *Certified*, as a document, shows two failings. (a) Why did Mr. Woodley decide, in spite of the encouragement he received from H. G. Wells, *not* to say on what grounds he himself was originally committed to the asylum? For upon this hangs a point of desperate importance: are sane people, owing to some miscarriage, still liable to be locked up with the mad? And (b) it surely is to be wished that Mr. Woodley had profited rather more from that tactful criticism of his MS., from "an eminent figure in the world of psychological medicine," quoted on page 218. His book, in fact, would be twice as impressive as it is if it were less rhetorically, more simply and factually, written. The facts he presents, the troubles he diagnoses, do not need the embellishments of somewhat conscious "style."

"SO LONG AT THE FAIR," by Anthony Thorne (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is a delightful version of a by now well-nigh traditional frightening story—that of two people arriving, one evening, at a small Paris hotel; the one to awaken, next morning, to find that the other has disappeared; to be sworn to, by all the hotel people, that the said other person never in fact existed; and to be confronted by an absolute disappearance of the disappeared person's room, door and number. I was certainly told this story as an Edwardian child (it was always said to have happened to somebody someone knew) and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' version provided one of the best of her novels. But it is a story that, with its mystifications, alarms and terrifying hints of hallucination, cannot be told too often; and Mr. Thorne is to be thanked for giving us excellent entertainment, a charming and brave young heroine in a coral necklace, an excellent picture of the Paris of the Great Exhibition of 1889, and a happy ending—that last being, in these days, worth its weight in gold.

WHEN is a guide-book not a guide-book? As the See-Britain movement widens (and restrictions on foreign travel continue to tighten up) series of guides to our counties are multiplying—and each, it seems to me, protests, at possibly too great length, that it is *not* offering guide-books "in the ordinary sense." To this, the new *Penguin Guides* (Penguin Books; 2s.) prove no exception. To me, these low-priced volumes, pocket-sized, light-weight, would seem to merit attention as compact, practical guide-books *purs et simples*. They contain pages of maps, one-fifth inch to the mile, suggest routes, tell you all you should reasonably need to know. Except for asking why Kent, that enormous, diversified and fascinating county, should have to share a volume with Sussex and Surrey, while Devon, Cornwall, Somerset and others are allotted volumes to themselves, there can be little criticism to make. The editor of the Series is L. Russell Muirhead, of the Blue Guides. A useful section on Architecture, by R. Furneaux Jordan, is appended to, and is the same in, all volumes.



Lord Daresbury, Lady Helena Hilton-Green, who is a sister of Earl Fitzwilliam, and Col. R. Thompson



The judges, Capt. Maurice Kingscote, Master of the Meynell, and Mr. W. Pope, with Major James Hanbury, M.F.H. (centre)



Capt. and Mrs. Alan Kyle, of Croxton Park, Grantham, were among the large attendance of hunting people



A Cottesmore group: Lt.-Col. C. Heber Percy and Lt.-Col. Sir Henry Tate, joint-Masters, Lady Tate and Mr. R. W. Gossage, secretary



Col. G. Colman, a former Master of the Belvoir, and Mrs. C. Heber Percy



Miss Yvery Paynter, Mrs. G. Colman, Miss Ann Horton, and Sir Arthur Curtis. The show took place at the Kennels, Belvoir Castle

At the Belvoir Hunt Puppy Show

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



de Stacpoole — Dease

Major George de Stacpoole, eldest son of the Duc and Duchesse de Stacpoole, married Miss Dorothy Anne Dease, daughter of the late Mr. Richard E. Dease, and of Mrs. Hamilton Hill



Rose — Phillipi

Major Hugh Rose, Scots Guards, only son of the late Mr. Eric Hamilton Rose, and of Mrs. Rose, of Leweston Manor, near Sherborne, Dorset, married Miss Georgina Phillipi, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. George Phillipi



Carrington-Mail — Parsons

Lt. John Carrington-Mail, R.N., son of Dr. L. Carrington-Mail, of Geraldine, Canterbury, New Zealand, married Miss Elizabeth Joan Parsons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Parsons, of D.I.G. Police, United Provinces, India, in London



Page — Vaisey

Mr. Robert Page, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Page, married Miss Diana Katharine Vaisey, only daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. E. R. Vaisey



McClintock — de Vere Hunt

Mr. Morton McClintock, only son of Mr. M. G. McClintock, and Mrs. McClintock, married Miss Sheila Francis de Vere Hunt, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. de Vere Hunt, of Richelieu, in Dublin



Gunston — Colegate

Mr. Richard Wellesley Gunston, son of Major Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston, married Miss Elizabeth Mary Colegate, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Colegate, at St. George's, Hanover Square



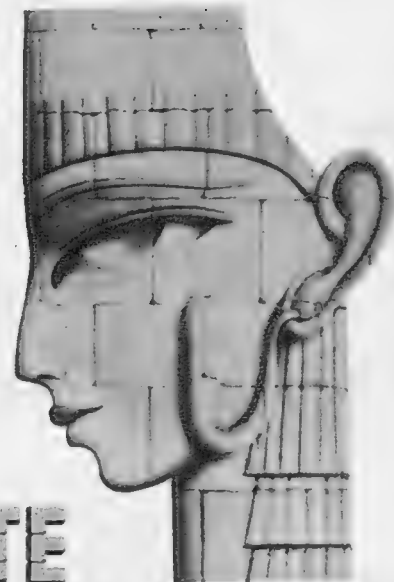
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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

Smooth-textured, stone-coloured wool cotele is used for this jumper suit by Rima, with exaggerated curves at the hipline pointing the nipped-in waist. Brown rayon satin lines the hood, which, worn down, falls into a soft cowl drape at the back.



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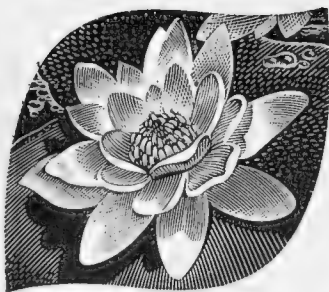


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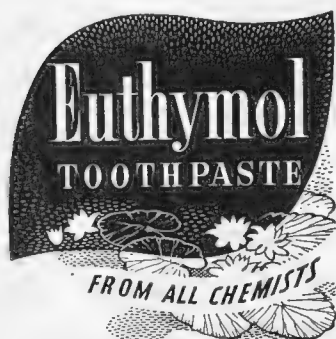
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Navana

Miss Margaret Ruth Pendered and Mr. Philip Pawson who are engaged to be married. Miss Pendered is the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Pendered, of 29 Westwood Road, Southampton, and Mr. Pawson is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Pawson, of The King's Tower, Penshurst Place, Kent



Miss Diana Mary Reynolds, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Brayley Reynolds of March House, Newmarket, Suffolk, who is to be married on the 30th of this month to Major Hewitt Errington Brewis, only son of the late Mr. Hewitt Brewis and of Mrs. Brewis, of 30 Ditton Court Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex



Pearl Freeman

Miss Nancy Margaret McNaught, who is to marry in September Capt. J. A. Lomax, Royal Artillery, second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Lomax, of 5 Priory Mansions, S.W.10. Miss McNaught is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Norman McNaught, of Kingsmead, Limsfield, Surrey



Bassano

Miss Honoria Diana Marsh, only daughter of the late Mr. A. E. Marsh and of Mrs. Marsh, of the King's House, Lyndhurst, Hampshire who is to marry Mr. Ronald Carrington-Smith, only son of Captain and Mrs. J. Carrington-Smith, of Boldre-mead, Lymington, Hampshire



Miss Elizabeth Collinson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Collinson, of Savile Field, Halifax, whose engagement was announced in July to Mr. Jack Wyndham Howes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Howes, of Chescombe Lodge, Costessey, Norwich



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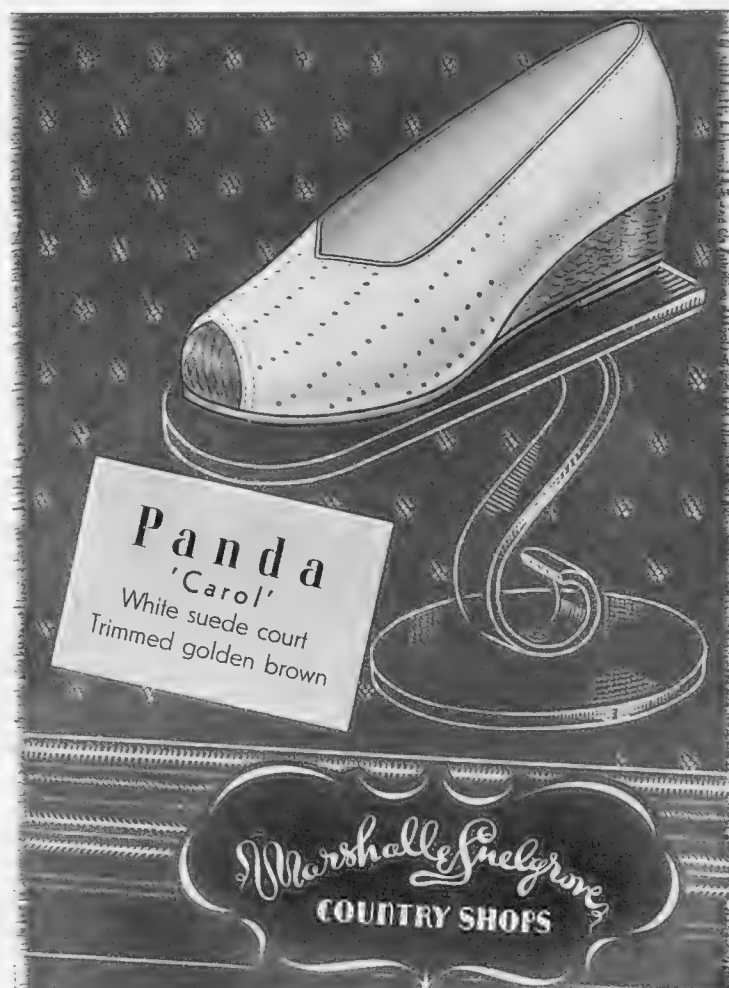


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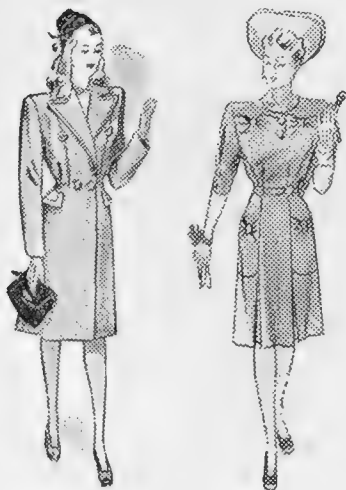


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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

EVERYBODY knows that the letters B.B.C. stand for Bermondsey Borough Council; just as everybody who was in aviation in the early days knows that the letters R.A.F. stand for Royal Aircraft Factory, and the letters A.M. for Air Mechanic. But what of letter groups like I.C.A.O., I.A.T.A., G.A.P.A.N., A.B.A.C., A.A.P.A., C.A.S., and R.P.?

All those abbreviations and hundreds more like them are familiar to people working on different tasks; but they often fail to register when used for the general reader. Large numbers of people in the Royal Air Force would be amazed to think that the letters C.A.S. which, for them, mean Chief of the Air Staff, are obscure to even larger numbers of people not in the R.A.F.

The civil aviation world recognizes I.A.T.A. as the International Air Transport (formerly Traffic) Association and I.C.A.O. (formerly P.I.C.A.O.) as the International Civil Aviation Organization. In fact all these abbreviations are easy to those who are continually using them and difficult for everybody else. I would make the plea, therefore, to all who write and talk about flying, to use the name in full the first time in their article or discourse. To use the abbreviation may save the writer time and space; but it may also obscure his meaning or waste the time of the reader. Unfortunately the abbreviations are not always used by the writer to save time and space; but for the simple reason that he does not know what the full title is.

The Small Fry

IT is a sound move on the part of the Ultra-Light Aircraft Association (I nearly wrote U.L.A.A.) to apply to the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale (the F.A.I.) for the creation of a special ultra-light, international class.

If the F.A.I. agrees and an ultra-light class is created, there will be the possibility of international record breaking and that would provide a good stimulus to a movement which is already showing signs of healthy enterprise.

The Minister of Civil Aviation, Lord Nathan, has already promised that a special, simplified form of Certificate of Airworthiness will be available for ultra-light aircraft—though why he did not follow the pre-war precedent of granting permits to fly it is difficult to see—and there is a good deal of activity with old machines and new designs.

Chief problem is the engine. There are not many good engines in this country for ultra-light aircraft. And manufacturers, drunk on huge horsepowers, do not seem interested. But there are excellent small French engines like the Regnier and the less well-known Minié and presumably people would be allowed to import them for it would be demonstrably in "the interest of the community" to see flying prosper.

Back-yard Builders

MEANWHILE I hope we shall not be too ready to discourage the back-yard builders. Officials and eminent personages in aviation have been too anxious to check the enterprising young mechanic from trying to build his own machine. It does introduce a slightly increased element of danger; but I do not believe that that is serious.

There is no reason why a competent mechanic, even a competent carpenter, should not build a safe, ultra-light aircraft provided he has acquired a sound engine. The supposition that only men with degrees or who have been through some routine apprenticeship or who are part of some gigantic organization can build aeroplanes is unjustified.

With the aid of Monsieur R.-G. Desgrandschamps's book *Calcul et Construction des Avions Legers* anyone with moderate mathematics and a flair for handwork could build a good machine. This book, of which a fresh and up-to-date edition has just been published by the Librairie des Sciences Aéronautiques, Rue des Ecoles, Paris, was well known to many small aeroplane enthusiasts in this country before the war and is now likely to regain its popularity.

The mathematics are extremely simple and clearly set out and the entire work is tied to actual construction. There is no abstract theorizing, but a series of chapters designed to tell the reader just how to do it, just how to make his calculations and just how they will apply to a small aeroplane.

Display at Radlett

ABOUT 6,000 invitations have been sent out for the eighth Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display which opens at Radlett on the 9th September.

It is a great pity—which the society realizes—that it has been found impossible to throw the display open to the public. Guests are coming from a great many different countries and judging from preliminary announcements the display should maintain its reputation of being the finest national display in the world, as the Paris Salon is recognized as the finest international display. Many new aeroplanes will be on view at Radlett this year and some of the pilots who are to demonstrate them are experts in showmanship.

Brigadier - General Wade Hampton Hayes, O.B.E., commanding officer of the 1st American Squadron Home Guard. A painting by Maurice Codner, R.P., presented by some of the General's English friends to the 7th Regiment New York as an appreciation of his services to this country throughout the war. It will hang in the Armoury, New York



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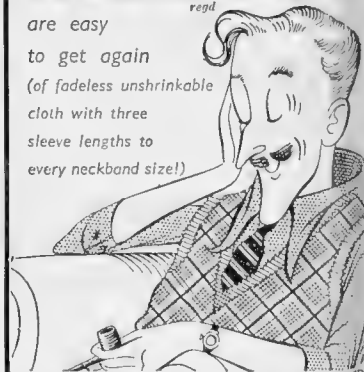
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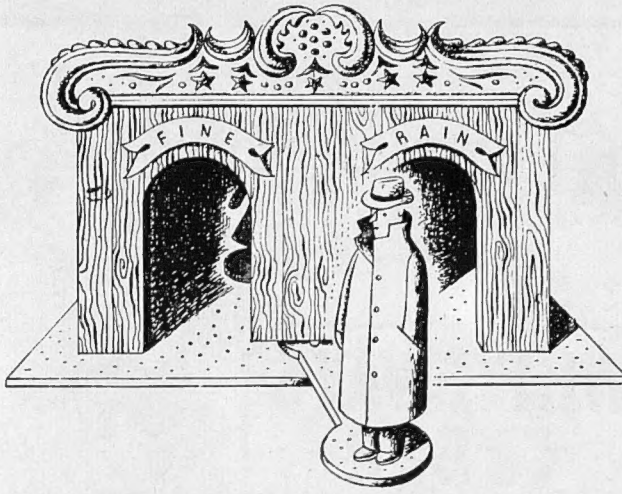
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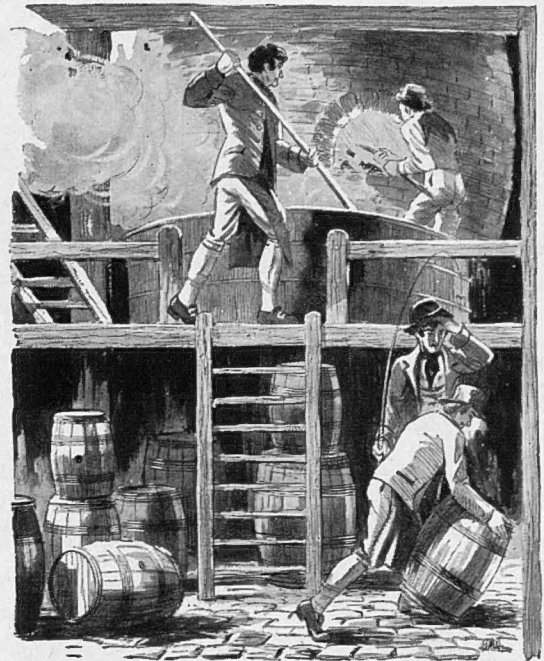
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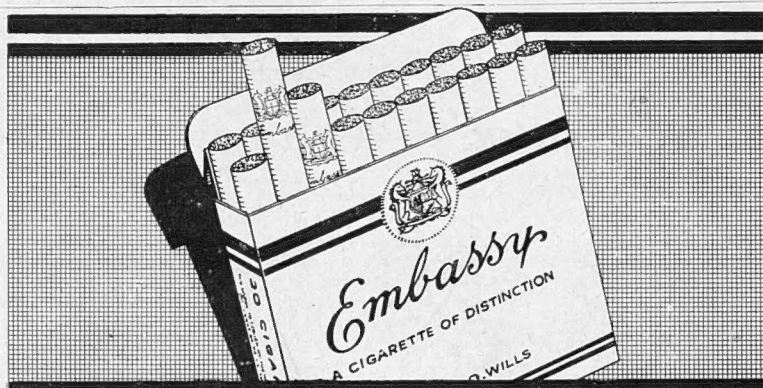


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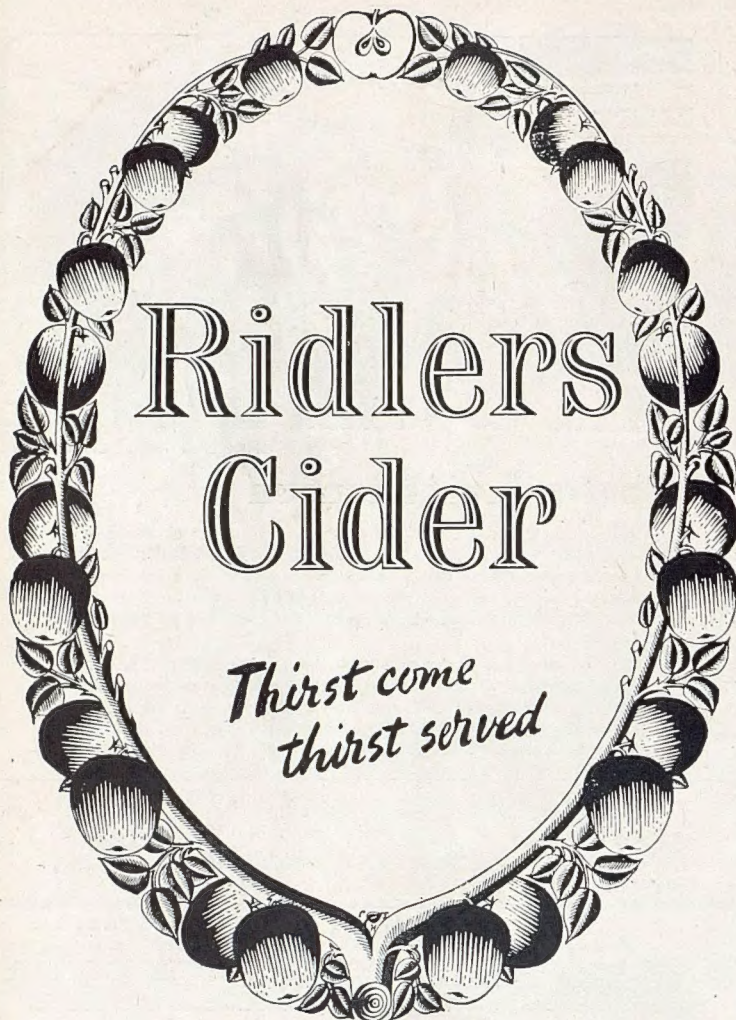
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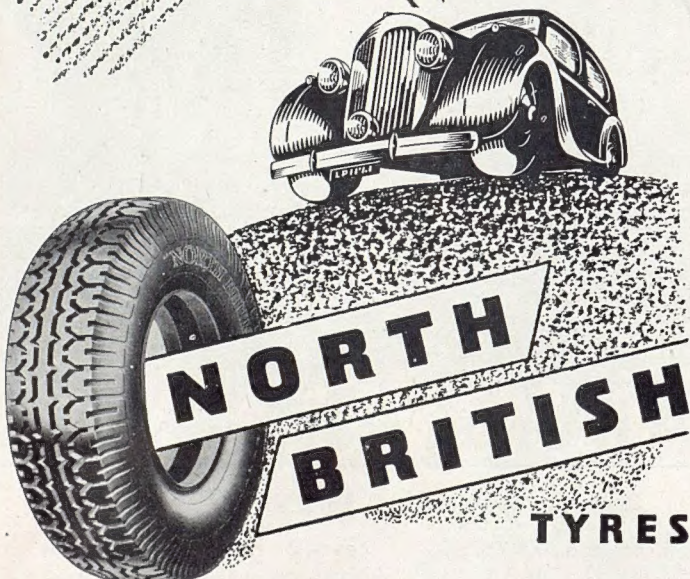
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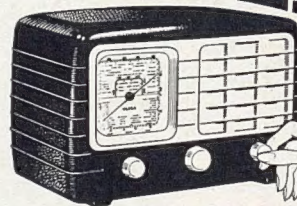
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